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WAITING FOR AN OFFER.

Mr. Sheppard is always very happy in his delineation of negro character and the incidents of negro life in the Southern States. He never attempts to idealize his characters, all his figures being caught from real life, as any one may see who has been in the South. The illustration on this page is a sketch from an actual scene. The junk dealer is engaged in the intricate problem of appraising the heap of broken ware and cast-off utensils which the two women have scraped together, and is evidently in a mathematical quandary. One of the women appears to be unconcerned, while the other reckons up on her fingers the value of the articles, and what they will probably bring in cash or trade. The action of the boy is characteristic. He grasps the old gun, which his father may have carried in the war, with an evident disinclination to part with it; he will want it himself when he grows up, for 'coon-hunting at least; and from the interest with which he surveys the rusty barrel, we may almost fancy him about to abstract the weapon from the heap of rubbish, and make away with it to some safe place of concealment. Meanwhile the three grown people, untroubled by sentimental or romantic fancies, are concerned only about the settlement of the bargain. It is evidently a weighty and puzzling matter. The junk dealer is determined to be cautious, and give not a cent more than he is obliged to, and the two women are equally decided to accept nothing less than the full market value of their wares. From present appearances, they may stand dickering over them half a day before concluding a bargain.

WAITING FOR AN OFFER.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1874.

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THE POLITICAL NEW YEAR.

THE political year begins in New Hampshire, and the platforms of the nominating conventions just held in that State show the peculiar condition of our politics. They deal not with great national policies, but with details of administration. There is apparently no fundamental question dividing the parties, and nothing shows this condition more plainly than the general and cautious manner in which financial questions are treated, and the politeness with which possible new issues are mentioned. But that there is no new issue is evident, and the election in New Hampshire will probably turn upon personal and local considerations, and upon confidence in party character, tradition, and tendencies.

Republicans will be interested in knowing what New Hampshire Republicans say in opening the campaign. They begin, then, with a congratulatory glance at the history of the party. They proceed with an expression of regret and censure for "a few" who have been unfaithful. They denounce the "salary grab," and demand its total repeal, including the salary of the President hereafter, and the return of the plunder. They protest against the revival of the franking system, and will hail the day when "all unjust discriminations shall be eliminated from railway management, and a corresponding reduction made in fares and in freights to the whole people." They desire "wise legislation" for the banking system, and a return to specie payments as speedily as practicable. They require security for savings-banks, and a revision of the laws of taxation. They resolve that agriculture is a most important and interesting pursuit, deprecate special legislation, deplore intemperance, and point with pride to the results of Republican rule in the State, and to the efforts at retrenchment of a Republican Congress and Administration. This is the New Hampshire platform, and upon it the Convention placed Mr. LUTHER M'CUTCHINS for Governor, who is described as a "horny-handed" farmer, who milks his own cows and holds his own plow.

Such a platform is most instructive. Under various phrases it insists upon one thing only—honesty and economy of administration. The practical question for the voter who reads it is, which party would probably repeal the "grab," prevent the revival of the franking privilege, more wisely manage the railways and legislate for the banks and revise the taxation laws, prohibit special legislation and repress intemperance, retrench expenses and lay taxes? The Democrats demand substantially the same things, and the voters, therefore, will naturally support the party which they believe to be the more honest. The New Hampshire voter will wisely remember that the Democratic party may be well studied in the few States where it is in the ascendency, such as Kentucky, Maryland, and Virginia, and in its traditions and career. If that voter sees reason to believe that Democratic ascendency in any State or in the country would secure greater economy, honesty, and confidence, he has a peculiarly robust faith. As aids to faith he will perhaps recall the Democratic selection of FERNANDO WOOD for Speaker of the House of Representatives of this Congress, and the contemptuous Democratic caucus refusal to consider the repeal of the salary "grab," and the virtually unanimous vote of the Democratic Senators in favor of the motion of the Democratic Senator NORWOOD to restore the franking privilege. We do not mention such facts in forgetfulness of Republican short-comings, but for the purpose of reminding New Hampshire Republicans that if their candidates are honest and capable, the objects which are equally sought by all good citizens are more likely to be attained by supporting them.

THE REPEAL OF THE "GRAB."

THE "salary grab" has been repealed. The vote in the Senate was 50 yeas and 8 nays, of which five were Republicans, two Democrats, and one "Liberal." In the House the vote was 226 yeas and 25 nays, of which fourteen were Republicans and eleven Democrats. The bill as adopted was offered by Senator CONKLING, and provides for the restoration of the old salary, except for the President and the Supreme Court, and "covers in" to the Treasury all the money which has not been drawn, or which has been returned under the "grab." The bill fixes the salary of members of the House at five thousand dollars, with the old mileage and allowances, but prohibits mileage for the present session. If Congress now wishes to abolish mileage and allowances, it can do so. But there seems to be no reason for making the compensation smaller than it was before, and without mileage the salaries are very unequal. It costs some members from Maryland three or four dollars to go and come, but the members from Oregon and California must pay as many hundreds of dollars.

Thus this shameful act of Congress is repudiated by Congress itself. It was a sign of dangerous official demoralization, and the universal and indignant protest which appeared in the press and in the political conventions was equally a sign of sound public sentiment. It is a very curious fact to a close observer in Washington that Congress is generally profoundly ignorant of the real tendency of public opinion. The habit of strict party action confuses accurate apprehension. The higher standards of conduct are forgotten in the desire to serve and satisfy party expectation, and there is constant forgetfulness that party men are also intelligent and honorable citizens. The "salary grab" was "shoved" through Congress by three forces—the desire of money, the known wish of the President, and the bravado of BUTLER. They were immediate and pressing, while public opinion was remote and obscure. The "grab" was driven through, and, although it is now repealed, the mischief it has occasioned can not be undone. It has injured the national respect for Congress, and it has injured the Republican party. But it will have been also of some good service if it shall have taught members of Congress that their own honorable instincts represent the real and controlling public opinion. SIDNEY advised the poet to look into his own heart and write. Upon all questions involving honor and moral principle, the honest legislator may wisely look into his own heart and vote, and he will be sure of the public support that he desires.

THE COMMUNE IN NEW YORK.

IN a large city, when many poor people are without work, and have therefore the time and disposition to listen to artful knaves, and even to be guided by them, a serious disturbance is always possible. That the men in this city who lately tried to persuade the poorer working-men to march in a great procession to the City Hall expected trouble, and a trouble which could end only in crime, can not be doubted, except upon the theory that they were fools, which nobody asserts. A crowd of the kind that assembled in Tompkins Square is not a body which can properly decide upon practicable measures of relief for slack work and suffering. It can, however, coerce and terrorize, and that was, of course, the expectation and the intention of its leaders. Their policy is that of SAMSON, to pull down the pillars and whelm all in common destruction. And the first duty of every good citizen, rich or poor, is to dispose of such dangerous leaders.

Some of the newspapers reproach the police with beginning the clubbing too soon, and suggest that a little more temporizing would have been better. There is no doubt, however, that the vigor of the police saved the city from a serious riot, for such a meeting is not an assembly of good citizens honestly seeking a proper purpose, but in great part a mob of the worst elements of the population. The notice of dispersion may not have been carefully and generally published, and some blows may have been too recklessly given, but nothing is so important as that the rascals who use the ignorance and the suffering of the poor for their own ends shall be sternly warned that they can not rule the city by terror and riot.

We do not, of course, propose that the authorities shall restrain in any manner the right of citizens peaceably to assemble and deliberate for any purpose, and to petition for redress. But such a right does not justify a menacing movement upon the city authorities, which was the object of the Tompkins Square meeting. It is the duty of those authorities to take care that the peace is maintained, and every good citizen will sustain them. The follies and ferocities of the Commune are alien to American thought and American methods. The government of this city is elected by the people, and is responsible to them, and the attempt of a few persons to overawe it is an insult to the people and an assault upon their rights. In Europe the government is often hostile to the people, but in this country it is the people themselves. Those, therefore—and this should be remembered by those to whom the appeals of demagogues are made—those who forcibly array themselves against the authorities are fighting with the mass of the people. In this winter of slack labor and real suffering there is sincere sympathy for those honest persons who find no work, and with the actually destitute. Efforts for relief are constantly making on every hand. Extravagance is curtailed, and the necessity of economy makes the heart tender for those who have nothing. There is a universal willingness to devise means of aid, and those who are most interested should see that nothing can so surely destroy that willingness as riotous and threatening assemblies.

THE PRESIDENT AND TEXAS.

THE action of the President in the Texas difficulty has been universally satisfactory. Even the Democratic and "Liberal" journals commend it. Fortunately the facts are undisputed. The Legislature of Texas passed an election law. It was approved by Governor DAVIS and by all parties, and an election was held in pursuance of it, which resulted in a large Democratic majority. After the election the Supreme Court of the State declared the law to be unconstitutional, and thereupon the Governor issued a proclamation warning the persons elected not to assume their functions, and, supposing that they would not heed him, he called upon the President for troops. The President replied:

> "The call is not made in accordance with the Constitution of the United States and the acts of Congress under it, and can not, therefore, be granted. The act of the Legislature of Texas providing for the recent election having received your approval, and both political parties having made nominations and having conducted a political campaign under its provisions, would it not be prudent as well as right to yield to the verdict of the people as expressed by their ballots?"

Governor DAVIS and his friends have done what the Southern rebels did in 1860. They took part in an election, and then refused to abide by the result.

The action of the President is characteristic. He is severely criticised for much that he does, but he has never shown a disposition to stretch or strain his constitutional prerogatives. In the Louisiana case he earnestly requested Congress to act, and acted himself only when some action was imperative. He has been accused of acting wrongly, but it can not be truly said that he showed any wish to act at all, certainly none to act unconstitutionally. In the present instance his reply is full of quiet good sense, and disposes of the subject. It has been said that it is shocking to think that he might have interfered and have set aside the undoubted will of the people of Texas. But it is always possible for a State court to declare an election law unconstitutional, and for a Governor to hold with it and appeal for help to Washington. If the authorities there should act as requested, the will of the people of a State might be set aside. But all this would be within the forms of the Constitution. And it is undeniable that a government may be overthrown under its own forms, as that of the old republic of Rome was, and as the rebels hoped to overthrow ours. The security against such efforts is the virtue and loyalty of the people. The Constitution authorizes the government to protect a State against rebellion upon the application of the Legislature, or of the Governor when the Legislature can not be convened. Congress therefore must decide what is rebellion, and who rebels.

We do not suppose that the President wished to do any thing in the Louisiana case that he has not done in that of Texas, and let us hope that the DURELL committee have returned with some evidence or some recommendation that will secure a new election in that State. It will not have pondered in vain if it urgently demands of Congress not to shirk its constitutional responsibility in deciding contested authority in a State. In the Louisiana case the President certainly owes Congress no thanks for pushing him into a position in which, whatever he did, he was sure to be covered with abuse. But, whatever his action, he showed no more desire then than now to exceed his strict constitutional authority.

BLOWING HOT AND COLD.

THE vote in the House of Representatives upon Mr. KELLEY'S resolution shows that there is no settled financial conviction or policy among our Republican friends. Mr. KELLEY'S inflation was approved by a large majority; Mr. HOLMAN'S motion, that no inflation is necessary, by a larger majority; and General HAWLEY'S, that under no circumstances should there be any inflation, by general consent. No wonder that the House laughed. Its action was ridiculous. It has evidently no principles upon the subject, and no perception that it ought to have any. Mr. HAWLEY'S resolution declares that the national expenses must be reduced and regulated so as to be defrayed by existing taxes. As the Secretary of the Navy says, Congress has the power, and if it declares that the present income is large enough, the matter is settled. If the action of the House in adopting the HAWLEY resolution could be interpreted to mean any thing, it would be a peremptory instruction to the committee not to propose a loan or increased taxation, but to force the expenses within the income, even if every public work and every naval preparation should be suddenly stopped, and the rate of official salaries every where reduced.

But unhappily the action had no meaning whatever. A House which simultaneously declares for inflation and against inflation is a House which will probably do wrong, because it does not understand how to do right. If the HAWLEY resolution had been deliberately adopted after careful debate, in which the disastrous and certain consequences of inflation had been fully exposed and considered, a very great step would have been taken toward a happy solution of difficulties. But in fact it was only a counter in a game. Mr. KELLEY played, and Mr. HOLMAN and General HAWLEY played, and nobody won. There was an appearance of action, and nothing was done. Another day Mr. KELLEY will try his inflation again, and will take care to time his effort favorably. But meanwhile members might profitably reflect upon the subject, read the direful story in the experience of other nations, and decide whether, if more money is needed for the government, it shall not be raised in the legitimate way, by a taxation universally diffused, and therefore easily borne, and all the proceeds of which go into the Treasury.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY AND GENERAL BUTLER.

GENERAL BUTLER has had a little tilt with the Secretary of the Treasury, in which he was amusingly unhorsed. The general told Mr. KASSON at an early day in the session that if demagogism was his game, he would take a hand—and he keeps his hand in. An ex-soldier applied for a position in the Treasury Department, but, as he did not satisfy the requirements of the rules, he was not appointed. Thereupon the general writes to the Secretary, wanting to know why this soldier—"and I make his case my own," says General BUTLER, trusting that all ex-soldiers will see the gallant words—has not been appointed, when Congress in 1867 recommended that honorably discharged soldiers should be preferred in appointments. "Can it be that the rules of the Civil Service Board overrule a distinct law of Congress?" asks the general. And the Secretary answers him, and figuratively rolls the gallant inquirer in the dust, by saying that a later law of Congress authorized the President to make a rule which modified the first law.

The object of the general's letter, as was immediately shown by a correspondent of the *Times*, was to prejudice the public mind against the reform as discriminating against the soldiers, "but for whose valor," says the general—still trusting that all ex-soldiers will hear—"the Civil Service Board would have had no soft cushions to sit on now, which they enjoyed during the war, while the soldiers were in the field." If your game is demagogism, I will take a hand, quoth General B. In the admirable report of the Treasury Board of Examiners, prepared by Mr. E. O. GRAVES last winter, it appears that of forty-two persons appointed under the rules, nearly forty and a half per cent. had served in the army. Is there any larger proportion under the pot-house system dear to General B.? Of two hundred and four male competitors, nearly twenty-three per cent. of the candidates who had served in the army were successful, and of the others a little more than nineteen per cent. Why should the general be so swift to suppose

that old soldiers could not pass the necessary examination? And as the *Times* correspondent well asks, Why should General BUTLER'S soldier be appointed in preference to other soldiers who stood above him upon the list?

And now who is General BUTLER, that he should call the appointing power to account for not doing what he wishes to have done? He is a member of the legislative branch of the government. But the Constitution and the laws vest the appointing power in the executive branch, and General BUTLER'S advice is an impertinence until it is asked, and his attempted dictation or demand would be insolence. His letter is an illustration of the evil practice which it is part of the intention of a reformed civil service to correct—the Congressional usurpation of the executive power. The sophistry by which General BUTLER maintains his position is transparent. He holds that he, as a Representative of the people of his district, knows better than any board of examiners can know who ought to be appointed to office. But a Representative is not only not elected to discharge any such duty, but he can not properly discharge it if he attends to that for which he was elected. Moreover, experience shows that the Representative who claims that he knows better than any body who ought to be appointed in his district has often been elected himself because of previous promises of the offices to certain men. Instead of consulting the public welfare and the wishes of his district, he consults his own personal purposes, and all those who are appointed through his influence are universally regarded—and usually with perfect truth—as his individual henchmen. The demand for a change in the system is based in great degree upon the fact that the Representative proves that he does not know the persons in his district who should be appointed, while the practice upon which General BUTLER insists often prevents the party majority in the district from securing the Representative whom it prefers. General BUTLER'S letter to the Secretary is a fair illustration of the character of the opposition to the most radically serviceable political reform now possible. It is a mere appeal to Buncombe.

DR. DENNY AND THE HARTFORD RETREAT.

DR. JAMES H. DENNY has resigned his position as superintendent of the Retreat for the Insane at Hartford, under circumstances which are worthy of reflection upon the part of all who are interested in that excellent institution, or who may have sad occasion to inquire into its management. Dr. DENNY was appointed in November, 1872. He knew that there had been trouble arising from a conflict of authority between the superintendent and the steward; but as the by-laws gave the former officer "entire control of all present," and had been revised to "place the government of the institution entirely under the control of the superintendent," he had no hesitation in accepting. But early in December, that there might be no doubt of the precise meaning of the rule, he asked for the managers' construction of the by-laws. The reply unofficially stated that certain officers and affairs were not under the superintendent's control. The request was then made to the higher board, that of directors, that the by-laws should be revised upon the basis of the conclusions of the Association of Superintendents of Retreats for the Insane, in regard to the government of such institutions. It was declined. The request was repeated, with ample reasons. No reply was made until it was especially asked, and it was again a refusal. The doctor was then constrained, by the conviction that he had not the control which is not only considered indispensable, but which he had supposed guaranteed to him by the by-laws, to resign. And his resignation has been accepted.

There has been no personal dissension. Dr. DENNY'S relations with the managers and directors and the officers of the Retreat have been entirely friendly. But the reasons that have occasioned his resignation are approved by the most eminent men of his profession, and are founded upon the conclusions of the Society of Superintendents. Dr. NICHOLS, president of that society, superintendent of the Government Hospital near Washington, Dr. KIRKBRIDE, of the Pennsylvania Hospital, Dr. RAY, Dr. TYLER, Dr. BANCROFT, Dr. JELLY, Dr. COWLES, and Dr. HENRY J. BOWDITCH, are of opinion that Dr. DENNY'S reasons were conclusive; and Dr. BUTLER, who was for many years his predecessor in the Retreat, writes a very interesting historical survey of the government of such institutions, showing that the most eminent European and American authorities agree that the absolute control of the head of the institution is indispensable to the adequate discharge of his duties. This is also the formal expression of the Society of Superintendents, and it is, as we learn, almost the universal rule at retreats in this country. Is there any good reason why it should not be the rule at the Hartford Retreat? Its by-laws plainly imply the supreme control of the superintendent, subject to the board of managers, and they state expressly that he is "to have the control of all persons therein." Yet he does not have control of so important a person therein as the steward, and when it is proposed that the laws shall be revised so as to secure the implied supremacy beyond all question, the proposal is declined. There is surely no need of arguing the point. As Dr. BROWN, of the Bloomingdale Asylum, truly says, "In the majority of institutions there can not, I think, be a doubt that departure from such usage would seriously impair the moral and official influence of the medical superintendent for the general good of the institution." That some institutions move smoothly under a different system, Dr. BROWN considers to be only a happy accident.

Undoubtedly the citizens of Hartford and of Connecticut, who are naturally deeply interested in this subject, perceive that the appointment of a proper successor to Dr. DENNY becomes a serious question, for Dr. DENNY'S course is fully approved by the most distinguished superintendents in the country; and there is probably no fit man who might accept the situation who would not enter upon it with the feeling that he must make the best of it, but that the regulations would necessarily impair his usefulness. This should not be true of an institution like the Hartford Retreat, which has so enviable a reputation, but which, because of the unwillingness to adopt in certain essential details the results of the experience of the most competent experts, has now lost the services of a gentleman whose special and unusual capacity for the care of such an institution is universally acknowledged.

"CARL BENSON."

THE news of the death of CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED will be read with sorrow by those who knew that clever and whimsical man. He was variously accomplished, and he had an accurate knowledge of many subjects, but his independence and waywardness, with a certain humorous cynicism, repelled general sympathy. He had, however, a sincere desire of friendly recognition, and aimed to be of service to the community by interesting himself in many things which others disdain. He had lived much in Europe, and his standards of life and conduct were foreign, not American. In Washington, where for some years he had lived during the winter, his house was one of the most hospitable and brilliant, and his loss will be deeply felt. He wrote a great deal in magazines and newspapers, under the signature of "Carl Benson," but his literary work will die with him. His familiar associates, who saw the good heart under the eccentric manner, and who knew the domestic contentment of his later years, will always remember him kindly as a man born to a fine fortune, but thwarted by temperament in satisfying his best aspirations.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. VI.

To every member of the Saxon family who revisits the green fields and fertile landscape of its ancient home there is a feeling of naturalness in the scene. Nothing seems unfamiliar or strange. Centuries or distance have not destroyed the secret chord that links one to the place whence he drew his origin. There is a pleasant flavor in the moist, soft atmosphere that recalls inexplicable associations. The air seems full of sounds and voices that are not unexpected. Like one of those curious impulses that are noticed by mental philosophers, we seem to have seen and heard all this before. There can be no doubt that the instinct of race is a feeling that is indestructible, and that those who wander to the home of their ancestors recognize it again by some subtle and mysterious sense. Nor is this feeling destined to be of slight importance in the future history of the Saxon family. Slowly yet steadily the influence of example is softening the harsher traits of English society. If the race flourishes in freedom and prosperity in the New World, its parent branch in the Old is sensibly yielding to the teachings of its experience. The most intelligent portion of the English are not unwilling to learn from their transatlantic brethren. Within a few years the great mass of the people have been stirred by a strong impulse of progress; they have demanded and obtained a wider suffrage, a new advance toward equality, the diffusion of knowledge, and the recognition of the rights of labor. Even female suffrage has been introduced in municipal affairs, and it may be cheering to our advocates of the rights of woman to know that in England the fair sex has furnished some of the most useful members of the boards of education, and some of the most effective orators in popular meetings.

In opposition to the projects of further reforms there has recently sprung up a conservative revival. Those who fear the rising vigor of the people are appealing to the English taste for the ancient and the traditional. Old customs are revived, and the mediæval shows that a few years ago were neglected are once more employed to stimulate decaying conservatism. The Lord Mayor's Day was celebrated last year with something of its ancient splendor; the gilded coach, which had for some years been laid aside, new varnished and adorned, rolled heavily up Cheapside and the Strand; the banners of the wealthy companies waved dimly through the mist; the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, in the gay robes and glittering insignia of their offices, followed or attended by a throng of servants in liveries of gold and crimson, swept through the immense crowd to the sound of patriotic music. Guy Fawkes Day was observed in London and many of the provincial towns with more than usual fervor. Not the ceaseless din of fire-crackers and pistols on the most animated Fourth of July could surpass the celebration at Lewes, and at night the town glowed with the traditional bonfires. Neither of these celebrations possibly had any political design, but they show at least the resolution with which the English maintain their old observances. All over the country at this season the air resounds with the cry of the hounds and the cheers of the huntsmen. Princes and lords, fair ladies and gallant attendants, ride mercilessly over the farmers' fields, and chase poor Reynard with mediæval ardor to his lair. Never has game been more abundant, or the rigor of the game-laws proved more effective in providing sport for the indolent and the wealthy, or more destructive to the morals of the young. Meanwhile at night the poacher pursues his dangerous trade under the guns of the gamekeeper, and the farmer laments over the ravages of licensed vermin. Hodge, however, is not always to be ridden over, and begins to cry out loudly for the abolition of the game-laws and the destruction of entails.

Modern SACHEVERELLS meantime are sounding the dangers of the Church. They hope to arouse a new zeal for the venerable Establishment, and excite a popular tumult like that which brought OXFORD and BOLINGBROKE into power, and had nearly delivered England into the hands of a popish pretender. The new SACHEVERELL assails popular education as a species of atheism. He calls meetings of the clerical party, where statements are made and arguments offered that might deserve no gentler name than that of pious falsehoods. He denounces the liberal Parliament as a centre of infidelity, and probably for the first time in Anglican history a Sunday was recently devoted to the delivery of political sermons and injunctions to every good Churchman how to vote at the school elections. In her last days the Establishment has descended into the political arena, and noisy priests are heard delivering election speeches as bitter as those of our ward politicians, and not much more refined. London has been lately stirred by the fury of its ecclesiastics as it has seldom been moved before. Yet many excellent and learned priests of the Established Church are most ready for reform, and look with natural regret upon the indiscreet behavior of their brethren—are willing to abandon the sale of livings, and punish simony with Scriptural severity.

At this season London puts on its mantle of fog, and becomes often an invisible city. CAMDEN relates that once when the Danes had sailed up the river to sack the Saxon capital, the Thames sent forth one of its thickest veils of mist. London disappeared, and the sea-rovers sailed away from a hopeless chase. That the sea of blinding fog which steals so suddenly over the broad capital, often almost in a moment, can come from the narrow river seems scarcely possible; it descends from the skies, it creeps up from the damp earth, it comes so unexpectedly that the bright sunshine sometimes dies out into an instant gloom, and at mid-day lights are seen gleaming in all the offices of Lombard Street and the Poultry. Into the thick and blinding mist that lies in banks and layers on the pavements the smoke descends and forms a yellow sea of unpleasant odors, in which men and women rise and disappear like ghosts. Recently one of these fogs stopped for several hours all business in the city. It was deepest at night. The streets and the river were impassable. The cabs, never daunted, stole heavily over the noiseless asphalt, and threatened a swift overthrow to wandering travelers. The lamps were invisible. A double force of the police with lanterns was sent out to guide lost wanderers to their homes. Not a breath of air disturbed the cloudy sea, and for many hours the fog was the master of London. Some curious anecdotes are told of these sudden inundations. A clergyman on his way to his church finds himself entering a gin palace, or a belated merchant wanders in a vain search around Berkeley Square for his invisible home. Yet the Londoners sport like dolphins in their native fog, and every where ruddy faces and burly figures start radiant out of the feathery mist.

Rising fair and stately, immense and massive, from the yellow fog, St. Paul's often seems as graceful and ethereal as the palace of a cloud-king. All its lines are within the limits of the beautiful, and all its vast proportions melt into perfect harmony. Yet in this chill season, when in the dearth of fuel the industrious poor are crying out at their frequent meetings that they are starving and perishing with cold, one can hardly look upon London's proud cathedral without a shiver. It was built from the product of an onerous tax upon coal. The laboring throng of the reigns of CHARLES II. and ANNE were starved and pinched that the stately fane might rise again from its ashes. A dole was gathered from every poor man's family, and the mighty fabric weighed heavily upon the resources of the impoverished city. Faithful Anglicans are accustomed to laud the piety and devotion of CHARLES II., who laid the foundations of the new church, and even opened the list of subscriptions with a liberal sum; but CHARLES, who had other and less pious uses for his money, never paid his subscription, and left the expenses of his devout project to be borne by his more honest subjects. For forty years the splendid conception of the gifted architect was slowly perfecting, and London starved that this "monument of London's glory," as it is called by an early chronicler, might tower over its mists. As a church, St. Paul's is almost wholly useless. The echoes of the dome render the preacher's voice inaudible; the sweet notes of its choristers and of its melodious organ alone rise harmoniously above the confusion of sounds. Its services are little more than an empty pageant, and of the vast extent of the nave and transepts only an insignificant share is devoted to a sacred purpose. A throng of marble effigies form its largest congregation. As a church it would seem absurd, if it were not so beautiful.

The new towers of Parliament want all the grace and harmony of St. Paul's. Many of their separate elements are admirable. The clock-tower, tall and shapely, recalls the campaniles of Venice. The gateways, halls, and chambers are grand, and even majestic. Enormous sums have been lavished in an effort to provide an appropriate place for the meeting of the modern successors of Saxon witans and Norman knights. Such waste in decoration, such poverty in design, have scarcely been known. Viewed from the opposite bank of the Thames, where its effect ought to have been finest, the huge building presents a long low line of Gothic rudeness, broken only by a cluster of insignificant pinnacles that seem ludicrously out of place. One longs to brush them all away, and at least leave the fabric its simplicity.

In Westminster Abbey criticism is disarmed amidst the rare and matchless delicacy of its tracery in stone that blossoms into fruits and flowers, in arabesques and mediæval devices, and in the memories of the gentle EDWARD the Confessor dedicating his early shrine; of the fierce Norman conqueror taking the oath of England's kings amidst the blaze of the burning pile and the shrieks of the slaughtered Saxons; of the throng of PLANTAGENETS and TUDORS, who have ever broken the oaths they had plighted to their people; of STUARTS and Hanoverians; and of the mighty band of England's real rulers who sleep in the Poets' Corner. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE leading event of the week in Congress was a further effort to select a Chief Justice. The President having nominated Mr. Caleb Cushing for the place, the matter was referred by the Senate to the Judiciary Committee. On January 13, while the nomination was still under consideration by the committee, the discovery was made that in the early part of the Southern rebellion Mr. Cushing had written a letter to Jefferson Davis, the terms of which are construed as throwing doubt upon the writer's loyalty to the Constitution of the United States. The letter was found among the former archives of the rebel government. As soon as this fact was brought to the knowledge of the President he withdrew the nomination.—The salary repeal measure triumphed in the Senate January 12, when a substitute for the amended House bill was proposed by Mr. Conkling, of New York, and passed by a vote of 50 to 8. The successful bill repeals the obnoxious act of March 3, 1873, excepting as it affects the salaries of the President and Judges of the Supreme Court. It provides that all salaries shall be the same as they were prior to the passage of that act; that mileage shall not be allowed for the first session of the present Congress; and all back pay not drawn, or returned to the Treasury, shall be covered into the Treasury, and declared to be the property of the United States. The substitute was immediately sent to the House, and there adopted, January 13, by a vote of 226 to 25.—The Naval Appropriation bill passed the House, January 15, reduced to $16,500,000.

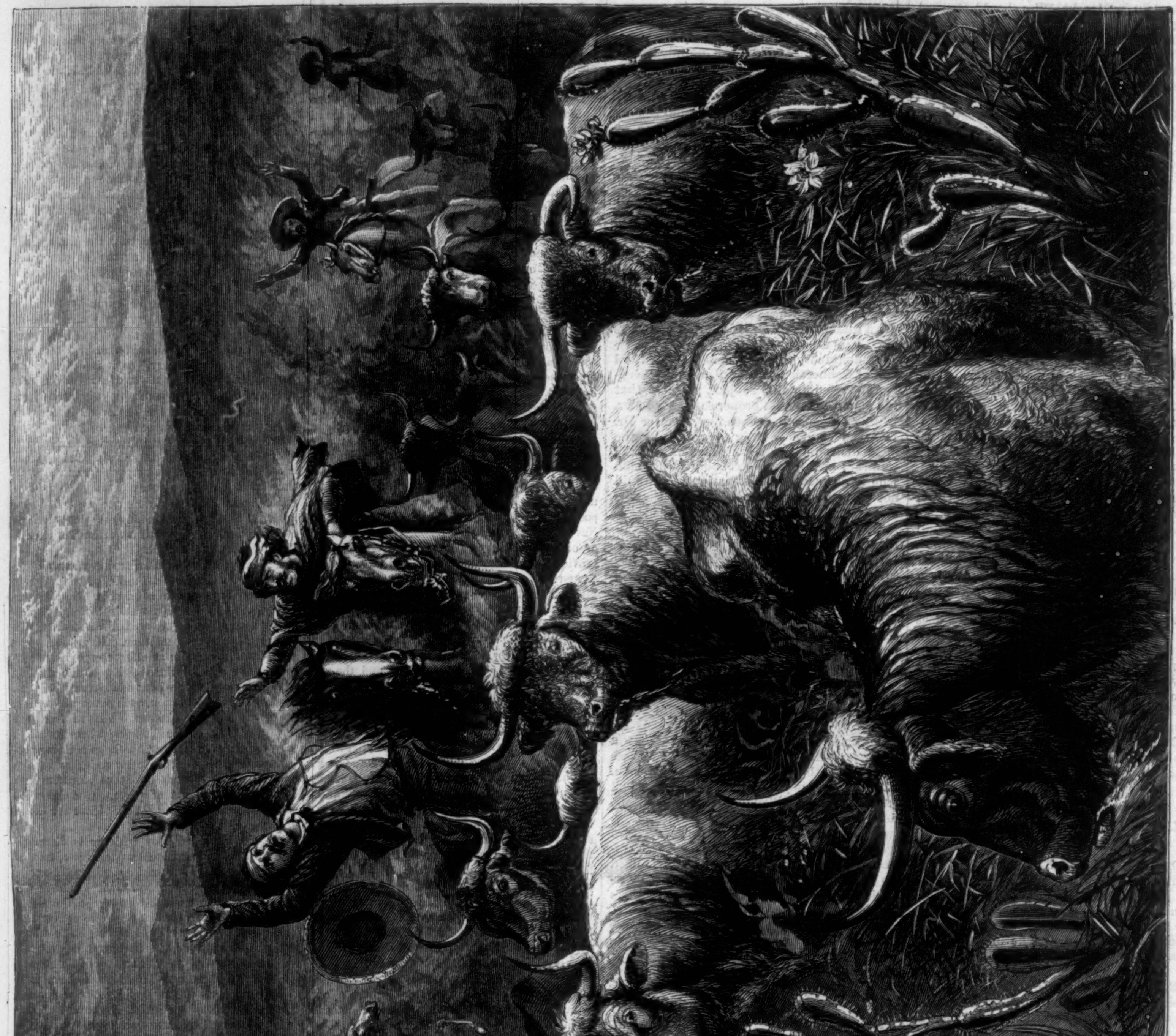
A crowd of so-called working-men, in defiance of the order of the authorities forbidding them to hold a meeting in Tompkins Square, in this city, assembled at that place, January 13, with the avowed purpose of creating a disturbance, but the police soon dispersed them. Several of the leaders were arrested, and held for trial. One of them carried a red flag, and declared himself a Communist; others were armed with knives, revolvers, and other deadly weapons. The police did not resort to the use of their clubs till one of their number had been knocked on the head and fatally injured with a claw-hammer; then followed a fierce conflict, which brought many a man a sore head and bloody face, and taught the would-be rioters a lesson not soon to be forgotten.

FOREIGN NEWS.

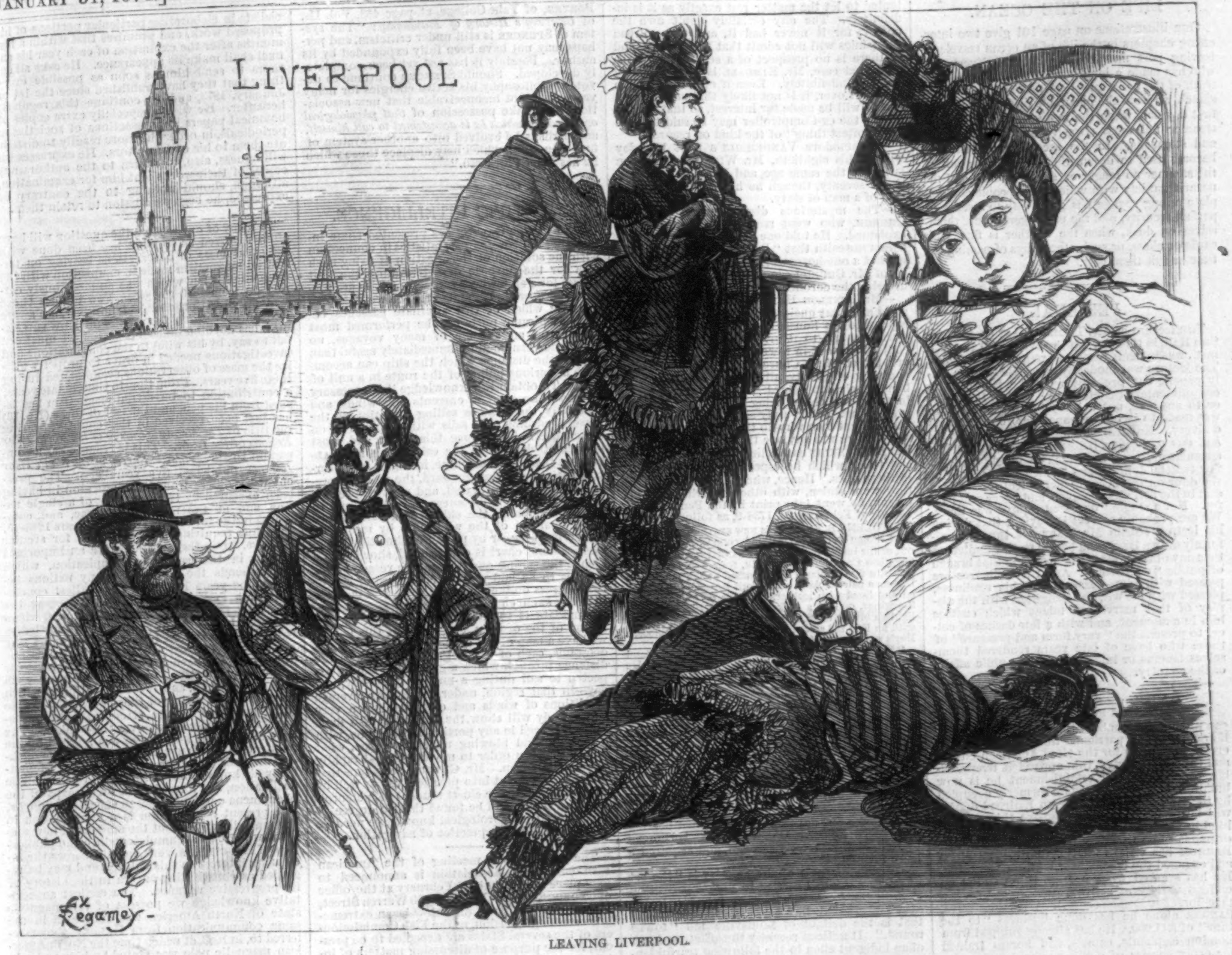
THE latest news from Spain seems to point to the speedy triumph of the government over the revolutionist forces. Cartagena was surrendered to national troops January 13, after a protracted resistance. Contreras, Ferrez, and Galvez fled to Algiers on board of the *Numancia*. Soon afterward the Intransigentes at Barcelona surrendered also.

A majority of the members of the late Spanish Cortes have adopted a vote of confidence in Señor Castelar, and requested him to prepare a manifesto to the nation.

The National Liberal party has gained several victories in the recent elections in Germany.



CATTLE RAID ON THE TEXAS BORDER.—[SEE PAGE 107.]



LEAVING LIVERPOOL.

NEARING HOME.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN—FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK.—[See Page 102.]

LIFE ON THE OCEAN.

OUR illustrations on page 101 give two interesting chapters in the life of an ocean traveler—leaving port and nearing home. Every one who has made a long voyage will recognize the truth of the artist's representation. In the first sketch we have the inevitable discomforts of the first day out, when the motion and smell of the steamer tell most strongly on sensitive heads and stomachs. In the second, every one has become used to ocean life. The steady roll of the steamer no longer occasions nausea, and the natural anxiety with which most people contemplate a long voyage has given way to a sense of perfect security, and the passengers amuse themselves on deck, when the weather is fine, with cards or chess, or such other ways of passing the time as suit them best.

PERSONAL.

THE lecture of Mr. THOMAS NAST at Association Hall, in this city, on the evening of the 10th inst., was in many respects a remarkable success. The lecture was modestly advertised in the daily papers, but, probably from the fact that no complimentary tickets were issued to the press, or to any one, not a line of editorial allusion was made to it in any paper before or after its delivery. Notwithstanding this, *every seat in the hall was sold before Wednesday night*, and a few speculators, who were lucky enough to get a few tickets, doubled and trebled their money at the door on the evening of the lecture. Every seat in the hall was occupied, and every seat paid for. Not a single "deceased caput" was there. We are probably correct in saying, that during his lecture season Mr. NAST has thus far uniformly drawn larger and better-paying audiences than any of his brethren or sisters in that branch of public "endeavor." And the audiences are pleased with him—pleased with his readiness, pleased with his wit, and delighted with the display of that marvelous talent which enables him in a moment, and with a few dashes of color, to present the "very form and pressure" of those who have of late years rendered themselves famous or infamous in the public affairs of the country.

—That

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men"

can no more be doubted than that Mr. BARNUM, if created for any particular thing, was created to create recreation for the tired American citizen and the light-hearted, thin-appareled, irrepressible youngster. The establishment he is now building on the entire square formerly occupied by the Harlem and New Haven Railroad dépôts will be by far the most extensive thing of the kind in the world. The "track" of the Hippodrome is to be a sixth of a mile in length. Mr. BARNUM has visited all the Continental cities and engaged the best of every thing engageable. He has secured what may fairly be called an endless variety of attractions, ranging from a race-horse to a Roman chariot. With the Messrs. SANGER alone he has done business "to the tune" of £11,000. He has already shipped from London elephants, camels, and horses trained for every species of circus performance, and a further "batch" will be dispatched, including sixteen ostriches, ten elands, ten zebras, a team of reindeer with Lapland drivers, a troupe of performing ponies, monkeys, dogs, goats, etc., etc. The armor and costume makers of London are to set to work immediately. The pantomimes are off their minds and hands, and some portion of the paraphernalia which is to contribute to the gigantic whole will be shipped weekly. The Hippodrome will open in April, and will far outstrip any thing Mr. BARNUM has done heretofore.

—Colonel PIKE, who has just returned to his home in Brooklyn, Long Island, after an absence of seven years as United States consul at Mauritius, proved himself one of the most efficient and intelligent officials ever sent out to represent the interests of this country at a foreign port. Within a month after his arrival at his post the terrible fever which had ravaged the island broke forth with greater virulence, and Colonel PIKE was the only consul who remained at his post during that awful time, administering to his sick and dying countrymen. He was at length stricken down himself, and narrowly escaped with life. Colonel PIKE was also very active and successful in his efforts to repress abuses on board American whaling and trading ships which touched at Port Louis. In addition to these official labors he employed his leisure hours in writing a work on Mauritius, the first volume of which, containing the only authentic and complete account of the island ever given to the public, has been published by the HARPERS and in London. It has received very high commendations as a standard work from the press of England and America. A second volume is to follow, on the fauna and flora of the island.

—M. CATACAZY appears to have quite subsided from the diplomatic stage. During the mission of Governor ORR to St. Petersburg he had an interview with Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, the Prime Minister, who referred to the CATACAZY affair, and expressed regret at its occurrence. He said that "CATACAZY was a shrewd man, of good ability, and a fine writer, who had been with him four or five years in the Foreign Office, who he thought would be of great service in America, but that he turned out a meddlesome fellow, greatly lacking in judgment. He was therefore no longer in the government service."

—Mr. WALTER KIMBALL, of Chicago, is one of the few men in history who have had riches thrust upon them. Some five years ago, while Comptroller of that city, several of the large railroad companies desired to purchase a part of the Lake Park for dépôt grounds, and a bargain having been made with the city for $800,000, they paid over to the Comptroller $200,000 as a first installment. An injunction, however, was obtained, restricting the city from disposing of the land, and the case is still pending. The City Treasurer therefore refused to receive the money, the railroad companies refused to take it back, and so Mr. KIMBALL found the snug sum on his hands, and has continued to keep it. The interest on $200,000, even invested in government bonds, gives a tolerable living for one family, and so Mr. KIMBALL has been living in clover ever since, and perfectly contented to let the matter rest exactly as it is indefinitely. The city certainly don't own the money, for it never had it, and the railroad companies will not admit that they own it, and as there is no prospect of a settlement of the contested case, Mr. KIMBALL is likely to hold on to it indefinitely. Even if ever called upon to pay it over, it is not likely that any demand can or will be made for interest, so that, on the whole, the ex-Comptroller may be said to have the "softest thing" of the kind on record.

—Commodore VANDERBILT's next birthday will be his eightieth, Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR is nearly the same age, and Mr. A. T. STEWART about seventy, though he has the look and action of a man of sixty.

—The mysterious disappearance of JOHN CHURCH, who went recently to Kentucky, is explained. He told one of the residents of that commonwealth that "DANIEL BOONE was nothing but a one-horse whisky-distiller." The family of Mr. CHURCH can receive his effects by addressing the coroner.

—Mr. FENELON HUBBELL, of Bridgeport, is a good man, but quaint. Having made extensive repairs to his house, he recently had a house-warming, and to it invited all the widows he could ferret out in town belonging to the Beaver Street M. E. Church. There assembled a company of twenty, all widows, and they were handsomely entertained. They were well along in years, the oldest being eighty-nine, and the average age being sixty-six. It is only good Connecticut men who do that sort of thing.

—If there was any one thing about which the late B. FRANKLIN had feelings, it was pantaloons, and those which he especially liked were his leathern ones. Hence, when it came about that they were stolen, with other coverings for his person, he went into print in the Pennsylvania *Gazette* of February 22, 1738–9, as follows:

"STOLEN—B. FRANKLIN'S NEW SEATED BREECHES.—Stolen on the 15th instant by one WILLIAM LLOYD, out of the house of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, an half worn Sagathee Coat, lined with Silk, four fine homespun Shirts, a fine Holland Shirt, ruffled at the hands and bosom, a pair of black broadcloth Breeches, new seated and lined with leather, two pair of good worsted Stockings, one of a dark colour, and the other of a lightish blue, a coarse Cambric Handkerchief, marked with an F in red silk, a new pair of Calf Skin Shoes, a Boy's new Castor Hat, and sundry other Things.

"N. B.—The said LLOYD pretends to understand Latin and Greek, and has been a School-master; He is an Irishman about 30 Years of Age, tall and slim. Had on a lightish Colour'd Great Coat, red Jacket, a pair of Black Silk Breeches, an old felt Hat, too little for him, and sewed on the side of the Crown with white Thread, and an old dark-coloured Wig; but may perhaps wear some of the clothes above mentioned.

"Whoever secures the said Thief so that he may be brought to Justice, shall have Thirty Shillings Reward and reasonable charges, paid by B. FRANKLIN.

"PHILADELPHIA, *Feb.* 22, 1738–9."

—GAIL BORDEN, who did great good in making and bringing into general use condensed milk, died a few days since in the town bearing his name, in Colorado County, Texas. He moved to that State several years ago, and acquired a large fortune.

—In few journals of the country is "the art of putting things" carried to higher perfection than in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. It has a sweet, student-like style of "composition" that is the delight of Louisville and "towns round." It noticed recently the affecting death of an indigent alien in the following tearful language: "ALFONZO BARRANO, a native of Spain, died a pauper at Dayton, Ohio, the other week, without knowing that a deceased brother of his had left him a fortune of $33,000,000 in the Philippine Islands. But his daughter, Mrs. GIROUD, the owner and engineer of a stern-wheel pea-nut-stand in New Orleans, is now reaching out for the money. If we had an immensely opulent brother, or uncle, or aunt, or grandmother on the other side of the ocean, we would a thousand times rather he or she would bequeath us a five-dollar bull-pup than a fortune of $33,000,000; for, while they make it a point over there never to deliver one of those big fortunes until the Greek kalends, the chances are ten to one that the dog would arrive by the very next steamer."

—Just before Governor JEWELL started on his mission to Russia he remarked to a friend in this city that he would learn to speak French before he got to St. Petersburg, or perish in the attempt. The Governor survives. He was formally presented to the Czar December 9, and on the 14th, with his wife and daughter, was presented to the Empress. His address on the former occasion was made in French, and appeared in French and Russian in the St. Petersburg *Journal*. His young JEWELLS speak French perfectly.

—Colonel ROBERT E. WITHERS, the new United States Senator from Virginia, is a native of that State, fifty-three years of age, a graduate of the University of Virginia, and for nineteen years a practitioner of medicine. At the outbreak of the rebellion he joined the Confederate army, and commanded a regiment in the battles of first Manassas, Seven Pines, and Gaines's Mill. In the last-named fight he fell, dreadfully wounded, while leading his regiment in the final charge, in which the Federal force was routed. He received wounds through the right lung, the pelvis, and arm, together with another in the scalp. So fearfully, indeed, was he wounded that his recovery was considered almost hopeless. He, however, so far recovered as to feel that he could return to the field. Several times he attempted to resume his command in the active service, but was so much disabled that each trial was found to be in vain. Colonel WITHERS, indeed, has not yet become entirely restored from the effects of his fearful wounds. After the war, being too much disabled to resume practice, he became the editor of the Lynchburg *News*, and afterward of the Richmond *Enquirer*, and exhibited a readiness and force that soon placed him among the foremost editorial writers of the State.

—FREDERICK DOUGLASS was especially honored a few evenings since in St. John, New Brunswick, a number of the prominent colored citizens of that town presenting to him a handsome gold-mounted Malacca cane, in which were a compass and a spy-glass.

—In closing an obituary notice of AGASSIZ the London *Times* says: "In AGASSIZ the world has lost a philosopher and naturalist whose name will be remembered along with those of BUFFON, CUVIER, and HUMBOLDT, and of whom both his native Switzerland and his adopted America might well be proud."

—Certainly the readers of the *Weekly* will appreciate the following neat hit at HERBERT SPENCER, which we find in a note by President PORTER, of Yale College, at page 433, Vol. II., of *Ueberweg's History of Philosophy*: "The system of SPENCER is still under criticism, and perhaps may not have been fully expounded by its author. Possibly it has not yet been completely developed. Should SPENCER continue to devote to philosophy his active energies for many years, it is not inconceivable that new associations may take possession of *that physiological organization which he is accustomed to call himself*, and perhaps be evolved into another system of first principles, which may displace those which he has taught hitherto."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

SIR FRANCIS GALTON has presented some interesting meteorological statistics in connection with the solution of the question of using such data for the purpose of determining the best course for a ship whose sailing qualities are previously known. He states that if we desire to estimate which of two alternate passages between the same ports can be performed most quickly on an average of many voyages, no knowledge can be more immediately useful than that of the distance which the ship can accomplish at various points of the route in a unit of time. To obtain this knowledge it is necessary to know the average currents and winds, and especially the relative sailing qualities of the vessel according as it sails with the wind or on either tack. To deduce this latter and most important element in the calculation, Mr. GALTON has invented a machine, in which, when certain parts are pushed forward, the points representing north, south, east, and west respectively move through distances corresponding to those over which the ship would sail toward those quarters of the wind, and by means of such a machine, or by proper arithmetical processes, a small chart is constructed, showing at a glance the sailing qualities of the vessel. This chart is to be laid upon each square of one or two degrees on the ocean's surface, and made to indicate such changes as are necessary to accommodate it to the winds prevailing in that region of the ocean. The result of this is that we have a map of the ocean, covered with small diagrams, each of which graphically shows the distance through which a given ship can be expected to sail during a unit of time—say, one day—in that region, under the known average conditions of winds and currents, and a very short study will show the navigator who finds himself placed in any portion of the globe, with a certain wind blowing upon his vessel, what sail to make in order to move the most rapidly toward his haven. Mr. GALTON considers that his idea can be put into practical use as well by navigators as by the closet student of meteorology, and that it will be found that no degree of precision of meteorological knowledge need be thrown away in the practice of navigation.

The third annual meeting of the American Fish-culturists' Association is announced to take place on the 10th of February at the office of GEORGE SHEPARD PAGE, No. 10 Warren Street, New York. This will doubtless be an extremely interesting occasion, as the Fish Commissioners of the several States are expected to be present, for the purpose of discussing matters of interest and importance with the United States Commissioner. Papers are announced upon salmon-breeding in Maine and California, on fish-ways, on fish-culture in China, etc.

A short biographical account of Mr. ALBANY HANCOCK, whose death we have already announced, has been published in a recent number of *Nature*, from which we learn that this eminent naturalist was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1806, and that an early taste for natural history was derived from association with his father, who had quite an extensive conchological cabinet. An intimate acquaintance with Messrs. ROBERTSON and WINGATE, botanist and ornithologist respectively, as well as with Mr. THOMAS BEWICK, served to increase his taste for natural history.

The first published scientific work of any importance on the part of Mr. HANCOCK was his monograph of the British nudibranchiate mollusca, issued, in connection with Mr. ALDER, in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society, a work which still maintains a high rank as a book of reference. Many other papers, chiefly relating to the mollusca, were presented by him at various intervals. At the time of his death he was engaged on the monograph of the British tunicata, and also a supplement to the monograph on the nudibranchiate mollusca.

For some time past efforts have been in progress, under the direction of SETH GREEN, of Rochester, for restoring to Otsego Lake, near Cooperstown, New York, the full supply of so-called Otsego bass, formerly so plentiful, but which of late have become very scarce. This delicious fish is not a bass, as its name would seem to indicate, but belongs to the white-fish family, and is scientifically known as *Corregonus otsego*, differing but slightly, however, in external form from the white-fish of the upper lakes.

In the autumn of 1871 a hatching house was established, under the direction of Captain COOPER, in which 74,000 young bass were reared, and placed in the lake in March, 1872, together with a number of young salmon-trout from the upper lakes. In the winter of 1873 100,000 more young bass were planted, together with 20,000 salmon-trout, and a large number of bass taken during the present year are now in the hatching house at Cooperstown. This large supply will doubtless soon manifest itself in the increased number of marketable fish; and if the effort be continued for a few years longer, there can be no question as to the ultimate restoration of the original abundance. Many hundreds of young bass and at least a thousand rock-bass have been placed in the lake, which will undoubtedly multiply in due proportion. The introduction of rock-bass will add a new element to the ichthyology of the Susquehanna River, to which this fish is not originally native.

Dr. LEOPOST JUST, of Carlsruhe, in Baden, announces his intention to publish, under the title of *Botanischer Jahresbericht*, a yearly report of the progress of botany in all its departments, and has issued a circular asking the co-operation of all persons interested. He has secured the assistance of numerous German botanical specialists in elaborating particular portions of his proposed work, and promises that within a few months after the expiration of each year his annual shall make its appearance. He asks all authors to send him as soon as possible every thing that they have published since the 1st of January, 1873, and to continue this regularly hereafter. He wishes especially extra copies of botanical papers in transactions of societies or periodicals, in order the more readily to distribute them to his collaborators. He expresses his willingness, also, to return to the authors any copies of their works lent him for examination, although, should nothing to the contrary be expressed, he begs permission to retain them.

To many of our readers the question will have often recurred as to what has been done with the great mass of observations bearing on terrestrial magnetism made in connection with the Magnetic Survey which was so laboriously carried on from 1840 to 1845. Few besides those acquainted with the subject, however, are aware that for now nearly forty years Sir EDWARD SABINE has devoted himself (assisted, we must not fail to say, by his wife) to the computations and investigations needed in order to properly utilize the mass of observations accumulated during these five years. From time to time, of late years, a contribution to terrestrial magnetism has issued from his pen, and the last of these (No. 13) has just been received in this country, bearing the title of *The Magnetic Survey of the North Polar Regions of the Globe*. This is regarded as a companion to the *Magnetic Survey of the South Polar Regions*, published five years ago. The present work differs from its companion in having been executed by the authority of a single nation and at the national expense, and completed in the interval between the years 1840–45, and thus requiring no corrections for secular changes, while these changes are an important feature in the earlier communication, which comprehends the labors of many nations between the years 1820–65. The earliest conclusion of a systematic character regarding the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, and which has been borne out by our recent knowledge, is that of HALLEY, in 1663, who concluded that the globe of the earth may be regarded as one great magnet, having four magnetic poles or points of attraction, two of them near each pole of the earth, and two in those parts which do not lie near either of those poles, the needle being governed by the strongest pole, or being always predominant over the weaker. The next step in our knowledge was marked by the publication of HANSTEEN's work, *Die Magnetizmus der Erde*, which brought together systematically all known observations of the magnetic declination, and formed from them maps of the phenomena corresponding to successive epochs. The present contribution is a continuation in the same direction; but the amount of new material which has accumulated since the publication of HANSTEEN's work, in 1819, shows the increasing interest in this subject, and may be regarded as constituting an era in the history of its progressive advance. The earliest authoritative knowledge we possess of the magnetic state of North America was contained in the same communication from HALLEY above referred to, in 1663, at which time the North American magnetic pole was stated by him to be in the meridian corresponding with the middle of California, and about fifteen degrees from the north pole of the globe. The latest determination—that of Sir EDWARD SABINE, as given in his present communication—places the maximum of magnetic inclination in latitude 70° north, and longitude 263° east, while the maximum of magnetic force is in latitude 53° north, and longitude 268° east, both localities being to the east and a little to the south of the geographical position which HALLEY assigned to the magnetic pole in 1663. The elaborate maps of the northern regions accompanying the memoir of Sir EDWARD SABINE show that the second magnetic pole of the northern hemisphere is situated in the eastern portion of the Asiatic continent, probably not far from the centre of China.

We learn from the *Athenæum* that, stimulated by the success of Mr. GEORGE SMITH's explorations in Syria, prosecuted at the cost of the London *Daily Telegraph*, the trustees of the British Museum have determined to send him out again, at the expense of the Museum.

According to *Ausland*, the expedition of GERHARD ROHLFS for the investigation of the Libyan Desert, and which has already started on its mission, was to be accompanied by Dr. C. ZITTEL, of Munich, as paleontologist and geologist, Professor JORDAS as geodesist and astronomer, Dr. ASCHERSON as botanist, and HERR REMELE as photographer. The difficulty in regard to water supply is to be overcome by the transportation of about 500 iron water boxes, each containing 100 pounds of water. In this manner the expedition need not be confined to the ordinary caravan track, but can move without impediment in any direction. It is also expected that these vessels, when empty, can be again filled from certain springs which it is believed exist in various parts of the desert.

The equipment is very complete, consisting of tents of improved construction, and of philosophical instruments constructed by CASELLA, MÜLLER, BAUDIN, and SÉCRÉTAN. The rations will, in large part, be obtained in Germany, and supplemented by others secured in Egypt. The expedition will start from Siût or Minieh, in the valley of the Nile, and move toward the west, as these points, situated on the railroad, constitute a proper base line.

It is understood that all expenses are borne by the Khedive of Egypt.

An important memoir, constituting No. 1 of the Contributions from the Laboratory of Pennsylvania, has lately been published by Dr. F. A. GENTH upon corundum, its alterations and associated minerals.

It is now announced that, after due consideration, the council of the Royal Society has resolved officially to join the Royal Geographical Society and a committee of the British Association in urging upon their government the importance of the scientific results to be derived from the dispatch of an arctic expedition in 1874. The Dundee Chamber of Commerce, representing the whaling trade and the interest of

the whole sea-faring population of the west coast of Scotland, has also resolved to present a memorial to government in reference to the practical results to be hoped for from such exploration.

The seventh number of the quarto work by Mr. HERMANN STRECKER upon indigenous and exotic lepidoptera has just been published, illustrated, as usual, by one plate crowded with figures. The present number is devoted to the genus *Smerinthus*, of which nine species are enumerated as belonging to North America, all of them described and figured in detail. Among them is one new species, *S. pollens*, received by Mr. STRECKER from Texas.

We have heretofore referred to the peculiar interest attaching to this work, namely, that Mr. STRECKER is a working stone-cutter, laboring his eight or ten hours a day, and in the intervals of his time studying his collection, which is said to be one of the largest and finest private cabinets in the world. The drawings are made upon stone, worked off, and colored by Mr. STRECKER himself, and we believe that even the composition and press-work of the text are executed likewise by him. A very amusing feature in Mr. STRECKER'S work is the perfect frankness with which he expresses his criticisms of the labors of other entomologists, unterrified apparently by their prestige or ordinary weight of authority.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE observance of the week of prayer, which was very general in this city, closed on Sunday, January 11. Meetings were held in the Church of the Strangers, the Fulton Street Reformed Church, the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and in other places of worship. The closing service at Steinway Hall was attended by a very large number of persons. In London, daily meetings were announced to be held at the London Tavern, and Willis's Rooms, St. James. Among the ministers appointed to preside were Messrs. SPURGEON, ARTHUR, MARSTON, PARKER, and others well known in the United States.

By the appointment of twelve new cardinals the Pope has brought the number of the college up to fifty-four. Of the old cardinals twelve have had apoplectic strokes, and others are feeble from age. Of the new ones six are Italians, one a Spaniard, and one a Portuguese; two French, one Hungarian, and one a Czech. Their names are, Cardinals CARDOSO Y MORAES, Patriarch of Lisbon; CHIGI, Nuncio at Paris; FALCINELLI-ANTONIACCI, Nuncio at Vienna; OREGLIA DI SANTO STEFANO, Nuncio at Lisbon; FRANCHI, Nuncio at Madrid, and since employed on a special mission to Constantinople; GUIBERT, Archbishop of Paris; RÉGNIER, Archbishop of Cambrai; SIMOR, Archbishop of Gran and Primate of Hungary; VON TARNOCSY, Archbishop of Salzburg; BARRIO, Archbishop of Valencia; TARQUINI, from the Society of Jesus; and MARTINELLI, from the Order of St. Augustine. No German, American, or Englishman was appointed. Marshal M'MAHON has already given an audience to the French cardinals, in which he reiterated the devotion of France to the Church. To those who are curious in such matters the following description of the form of appointing cardinals will be interesting. It was written by a Catholic correspondent in Rome before the event: "The Pope will be attired for the Consistory entirely in white. He will proceed to the Hall of Consistory accompanied by the Noble Guards, his auditor, Monsignor LATONI, and the private chamberlains. Taking his seat on the throne, he will open the Consistory by a brief allocution, in which he will set forth the merits of the prelates and fathers who are to be made cardinals. He will propose the name of each cardinal separately, with the question, 'Quid vobis videtur?' The cardinals will reply, 'Placet.' Then application will be made for the palls."

Some of the English papers are much disturbed by the determination of Earl RUSSELL to take part in the public meeting in St. James's Hall, London, on January 27. This meeting is called for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the German government in its conflict with ultramontanism. The resolutions to be moved are, that the meeting desires to express to the Emperor of Germany a deep sense of its admiration for his Majesty's letter to the Pope, of September 3, 1873; that the meeting recognizes it to be the right and duty of nations to uphold civil and religious liberty, and therefore sympathizes with the people of Germany in their determination to resist the doctrines of the ultramontane section of the Church of Rome. The *Spectator* says, bluntly, that "Lord JOHN RUSSELL does not know what he is about." We presume that Lord JOHN, who has always been noted for his positiveness, will smile at such an impeachment.

The ministry of the Rev. WILLIAM TAYLOR in the Bombay Presidency, India, is still extraordinarily successful. There are more than five hundred persons now connected with the societies founded by him in Bombay, Poonah, and other cities. The converts are chiefly from the English-speaking population, though twenty natives were baptized during the year 1873. Some of these natives have been subjected to bitter persecution, especially the Parsees.

The measures taken in Synod for the separation of the two parties in the Reformed Church of France are likely to fail from a lack of government authorization. The new confession of faith, with the accompanying electoral regulations, are as yet without legal force.

A large number of the Russian Mennonites will leave for America in April next. They are selling their farms at very great sacrifice in order to escape. The Russian government has already ordered a draft of six men to the thousand for military service; the order has alarmed the Mennonites and hastened their preparations. Those who have arrived here have settled near Mountain Lake, Minnesota, and in Marion and M'Pherson counties, Kansas.

Mr. VANDERBILT'S university, near Nashville, Tennessee, is making progress. Massive foundations have been laid, and the first story is now going up. The material used is limestone, quarried near the site.

The Lutherans of the United States enjoy the advantage of having three Church Almanacs, all independent of each other. They are known as *Brobst's*, *The Lutheran Bookstore's*, and *Kurtz's*. The following summary of their totals shows how nearly they agree:

	Ministers.	Congregations.	Communicants.
Brobst's Almanac	2431	4290	529,959
Lutheran Bookstore's .	2327	4247	541,115
Kurtz's	2332	4346	538,639

When it is considered that there are at least five organizations—to wit, the General Council, the Synodical Conference, the General Synod, the Southern General Synods, and Independent Synods—this nearness to agreement is quite noteworthy.

The Church of Ireland Protestant Defense Association has issued an earnest address to the members of that Church, in which they are called upon to unite in the effort to secure a revision of the Prayer-Book. The ground taken is substantially that without revision of the liturgy the Church will be Romanized, for the reason that Romanism is, germinally, in the liturgy. The association sets forth the fact that there have been five revisions of the Prayer-Book: the first and second in the reign of EDWARD VI., the third in the reign of ELIZABETH, the fourth in that of JAMES I., and the fifth in that of CHARLES II.; and a sixth, which was not adopted, in the reign of WILLIAM III. "The object of the Queen," says the association, "was to make the Prayer-Book as little offensive to the Roman Catholics as possible, and to introduce a certain amount of Romanism, 'softened down, indeed, and diluted, so as not to shock and alienate her Protestant subjects, but still sufficient to conciliate the great bulk of the Romanist population.' Thus the Prayer-Book was corrupted to please the Roman Catholics, and the Queen's object was so far attained, that 'for ten years,' as HEYLIN remarks, 'the Roman Catholics repaired to the parish churches without doubt or scruple.'" The electors are therefore entreated to send to Synod only such delegates as will be in favor of revision on the points of baptismal regeneration, the real presence of Christ in the Sacrament, and confession and absolution. Without vouching for the accuracy of the statements of the association as here given, we insert its announcement as matter of public record.

Never has there been such a cordial feeling between the Christians of England and the United States as since the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in this city. Meeting after meeting has been held in London, at which the most hearty eulogies upon the people of our country have been delivered. The *Evangelical Christendom*, the organ of the British branch of the Alliance, finishes its report of the Conference in these words: "It would be wrong to close this report without a word of grateful acknowledgment to our American brethren for their admirable arrangements, and for their Christian zeal and princely generosity in promoting the comfort of their numerous guests, as well as in bringing the Conference to its triumphant termination. They have rendered a world-wide service to the cause of Christian truth and catholic unity, and laid the followers of the Redeemer, of whatever name or nation, under tribute henceforth to show their oneness with Christ and with each other in holy fellowship, mutual forbearance, and united action for a lost but ransomed world. May the 'Well done' of the Divine Master be spoken, and the richest spiritual blessings be given to the churches of America!"

More and more will the Alliance prove itself, in years to come, to be a great peace society.

The Civil Marriage bill had by December 20 passed to a second reading in the Prussian Diet. Its provisions will work great changes. All births, marriages, and deaths are to be registered by government officials only. No marriage will be held as legal unless performed by the registrar, but the civil may be supplemented by a religious ceremony. Marriages must be solemnized in the town-hall of the district in which one of the parties lives, in the presence of two witnesses. No burial can be performed until the registrar is first notified of the death. By the operation of this law most important functions will be taken from under the control of the clergy.

The debate on the bill was spiced by a reply of BISMARCK to a bitter attack upon himself and his policy. In defending his policy he said:

"The state was most anxious not to proceed harshly against the bishops, and this measure was, in fact, an armistice, if they would so accept it. He had used the term 'revolutionary,' and he would justify it. Revolution consists not so much in the acts of violence which accompany its completion, but in 'the systematic preparation of revolution in people's minds.' The man who says, 'I hold my opinion as higher than the decision of law, and because, in my opinion, this or that law is unjust I refuse to obey it, and have a perfect right to do this,' is a revolutionary. The essence of the revolutionary standpoint is that personal opinion is placed above the formally valid law, and in this, reform is distinguished from revolution. Reform strives after a change of the law in a loyal and legal way, for it obeys the law so long as it is valid. This is not the position of the bishops, for they say, 'We will not obey the law,' and so they are in an attitude of revolution. It is a remarkable fact that since the Vatican Council no law can be established which obtains the Pope's approbation. Such a principle might perhaps be carried out with difficulty in a state where the Catholic religion was established, but it would only be always possible in the 'States of the Church' themselves. And indeed it was now the papal aim to make the whole world one great 'state of the Church.'"

The anti-confessional movement in England does not abate its force. According to the *Christian World*, "Meetings continue to be held in a number of the large towns to protest against the introduction of the confessional and other popish practices. A large gathering of this character has just been held at York, at which the speakers were Earl FITZWILLIAM, Earl CATHCART, Admiral DUNCOMBE, and other noblemen and gentry. It was resolved to memorialize the Queen on the subject, and to send a copy of the memorial to the Archbishop of York. The Earl of Fortescue has forwarded to the Bishop of Exeter a memorial signed by 12,216 persons in that diocese, praying his lordship to exert his influence to restrain the introduction of confession into the English Church. The *Rock*, an evangelical organ, states that one of the Bishop of Peterborough's clergy has been confessing the daughter of another clergyman of the same diocese without her father's consent, and that the public are anxiously waiting to hear what the bishop has got to say to the matter. A ritualistic newspaper advertises, among other relics for Christmas presents, 'Bambinos' in plastique for two guineas."

From the *Catholic Directory* for 1874 it appears that the strength of the Church in England is not very great. In 1873 the clergy numbered 1636; in 1874, 1662. The churches and chapels in 1873 were 1016, in 1874 they are 1025, being an increase of nine. In Scotland there are five more priests and one more church. In 1864 the Catholic clergy of England and Wales numbered 1267; in 1874, 1662. In 1864 there were ten colleges, fifty-six monasteries, and 173 convents; in 1874 there are twenty colleges, seventy-eight monasteries, and 247 convents. In 1864 there were twenty-two Catholic peers, forty-six Catholic baronets, and thirty-three Catholic members of Parliament; in 1874, thirty-three Catholic peers, forty-seven Catholic baronets, and thirty-seven Catholic members of the House of Commons.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

LOOKING back upon the year 1873, whose record has so lately closed, it seems to stand out among other years as remarkable for the number of eminent persons who have died. From public and political life, from the ranks of science, art, and literature, from the state and from the church, and from scores of important spheres, lights have gone out to be no more rekindled. Without attempting a complete list of the noted dead of 1873, a few familiar names will serve to recall the vacancies which have been made. Science mourns not Agassiz alone, but Liebig, Sedgwick, Maury, Donati, Coste, Gustave Rose, Torrey, De la Rive, Nélaton, and others, each distinguished in some special department. John Stuart Mill, Girardin, Von Raumer, Lord Lytton, Thierry, and Knight are well-known names; as also Landseer, Hiram Powers, Sir Henry Holland, and Macready; Chief Justice Chase, Judges Nelson, Tracy, and Peckham; Chancellor Zabriskie, Lord Westbury, and Baron Wolverton. From other walks of life have been taken Bishops M'Ilvaine, Wilberforce, Armitage, and Randall; Revs. Gardiner Spring, John Todd, Storrs, Noel, M'Guffey, Guthrie, Leavitt, and Ferris; Dr. Harvey Peet, Louis Napoleon, King of Sweden, King John of Saxony, Empress of Austria, Lewis Tappan, Thornton Hunt, Ratazzi, Von Bernstoff—but we know not where to pause in the mention of names, so large is the list which must be placed in the annals of 1873. The vacancies made in human affairs during the past twelvemonth will not be easily filled.

London journals still continue to be excited over the recent affairs of the celebrated Rugby school. It will be remembered that about four years ago Dr. Hayman was appointed head-master in this school, and proved very unpopular. While he arbitrarily removed subordinates, he was lacking in that just discipline which commands respect as well as love. He was finally requested to resign; but refusing to do this, he was dismissed. Rugby is a school of national importance, having for three hundred years maintained its pre-eminence. Dr. Arnold was one of its most celebrated teachers, and even now his influence is widely felt.

The British consul at Canton obtained from the viceroy the appointment of a joint commission to superintend the assay of the new trade dollar, on its arrival in China. It was found to be worth a little more than either the new or the old Mexican dollar. The viceroy issued a proclamation, on the report being sent to him, which concludes as follows:

"You must know that the Eagle Trade Dollar that has lately come to Hong-Kong has been duly assayed by officers specially appointed for the purpose, and it can be taken in payment of duties, and come into general circulation. You must not look upon it with suspicion. At the same time rogues, sharpers, and the like are hereby strictly forbidden to fabricate spurious imitations of this new Eagle Dollar, with a view to their own profit. And should they dare to set this prohibition at defiance, and fabricate false coin, they shall, upon discovery, most assuredly be arrested and punished. Let every one obey with trembling! Let there be no disobedience!"

Seven hundred thousand francs were voted by the National Assembly for the rebuilding of the Library of the Louvre; although, to be sure, as nearly all the books were burned, the building is not to be used as a library, but as offices of the Ministry of Finance.

In general, churches are not properly ventilated. The chronic "Sunday headache" is by no means a myth, nor an ingenious excuse for those who are not lovers of the sanctuary. The usual custom is to close the church doors and windows—if by good fortune the latter have been open at all—as soon as the throng of worshipers have passed the threshold. Then the vitiated air is left to cool and settle near the floor. On Saturday, or an hour or two before the morning service on Sunday, the doors and windows are opened for a little while, but not long enough to change the atmosphere. A far more effectual method is to air the house thoroughly when the services of the day are ended, at which time the cooler out-door air will more quickly displace that within. And a second ventilation is also useful.

Utility is the test applied to most things in the present age. We ought not, however, to apply the term *things* to the brown English sparrows which throng New York and Brooklyn, though they are in our mind just now. These plain little birds have doubtless driven from our midst the prettier songsters that once lived among the shade trees. Yet we all feel indebted to the sparrows, toss out some crumbs to them each morning, and sometimes take the trouble to give them some help in finding a sheltering home. It would be both kind and just for us to aid them a little more, for some of them seem without shelter. It requires no very long memory to recall New York in summer-time with pendent inch-worms spinning from shade trees, fastening themselves on hat, bonnet, dress, and person, to the disquiet of every one. It is stated that the Trade Board at Albany, Georgia, has sent North for a hundred pairs of English sparrows, in the hope that they will destroy the caterpillar that preys on the cotton plant. So the brown birds are becoming in great demand in different parts of the country.

Insects afford a large field for curious investigation, and a certain Mr. Mendell, of St. Louis, evidently intends to make the most of his opportunities. He possesses a singular love for insects and an intimate knowledge of their traits and peculiarities. In fact, he carries about his person various kinds of pets which are not usually favorites among mankind. In one of his pockets he has domesticated a colony of brown ants, and trained them to do some surprising things. For example, he puts some sugar on a table, then by certain manipulations he induces them to come out of his pocket, file down the leg of his pantaloons, across the floor, and up the leg of the table, until they reach the sugar. Each one seizes a sweet grain, and marches back to Mendell's pocket. This gentleman also has some striped green bugs which will perform, at his command, some remarkable feats.

It is well known that the yearly layers or rings by which the age of a tree is determined do not diminish in relative thickness by a constant law. A paper was recently read before the French Academy of Sciences in which the causes of this irregularity were discussed. The writer concluded that the data of meteorological phenomena, when known and tabulated, might be compared year by year with the annual layers formed in different varieties of trees. From such comparison some ideas as to the laws of development of trees may be obtained, and these laws being established, trees might become collections of meteorological evidence where observations can not be made. *Les Mondes* suggests a rather striking example of what might be learned from ancient trees, as follows:

"Suppose that there should be found in Egypt a very old though living tree, the origin of which dated back to the time of Joseph. If on cutting the trunk the rings corresponding to that period showed seven thick and seven thin layers, there would be tangible evidence of the truth of the Scriptural tradition of the seven years of plenty and seven years of famine, besides of the immediate causes of humidity, temperature, etc., to which such phenomena might be due."

Viewing trees in this light, they may indeed become historians of the past.

Skillful French cooks have discovered, it is said, 365 methods of cooking eggs. Surely American ingenuity should be able to devise something near an equal number of different ways of cooking apples—a kind of fruit which is healthful, appetizing, and nourishing. There are scores of recipes for making apples into puddings, pies, tarts, cake, and preserves; for mingling them with flour, butter, eggs, etc., and forming thus very agreeable compounds; but perhaps there is no more palatable way of serving apples on the table than by baking them, and adding sugar and cream when they are eaten. Each family can easily choose its favorite method of cooking apples; but in some form they will be found a most desirable substitute for preserves, sweetmeats, and other condiments.

According to the account of a recent visitor in St. Petersburg, winter in Russia is quite different from winter in America. It commences early in November, when the days and nights are almost of equal temperature. The sun is not on duty long enough to accomplish much; he rises about nine and sets before three. The snow is not deep, nor are the storms severe; but it snows a little almost constantly. Nobody seems to mind it, nobody carries an umbrella. It is swept from crossings and streets, but seldom impedes travel. The mercury, however, runs down a good distance—to thirty, forty, and perhaps fifty degrees, for days together. But the Russians prepare for winter, and are very comfortable during its reign. They make their houses tight, and build huge fires every where, and apparently do not suffer with the cold.

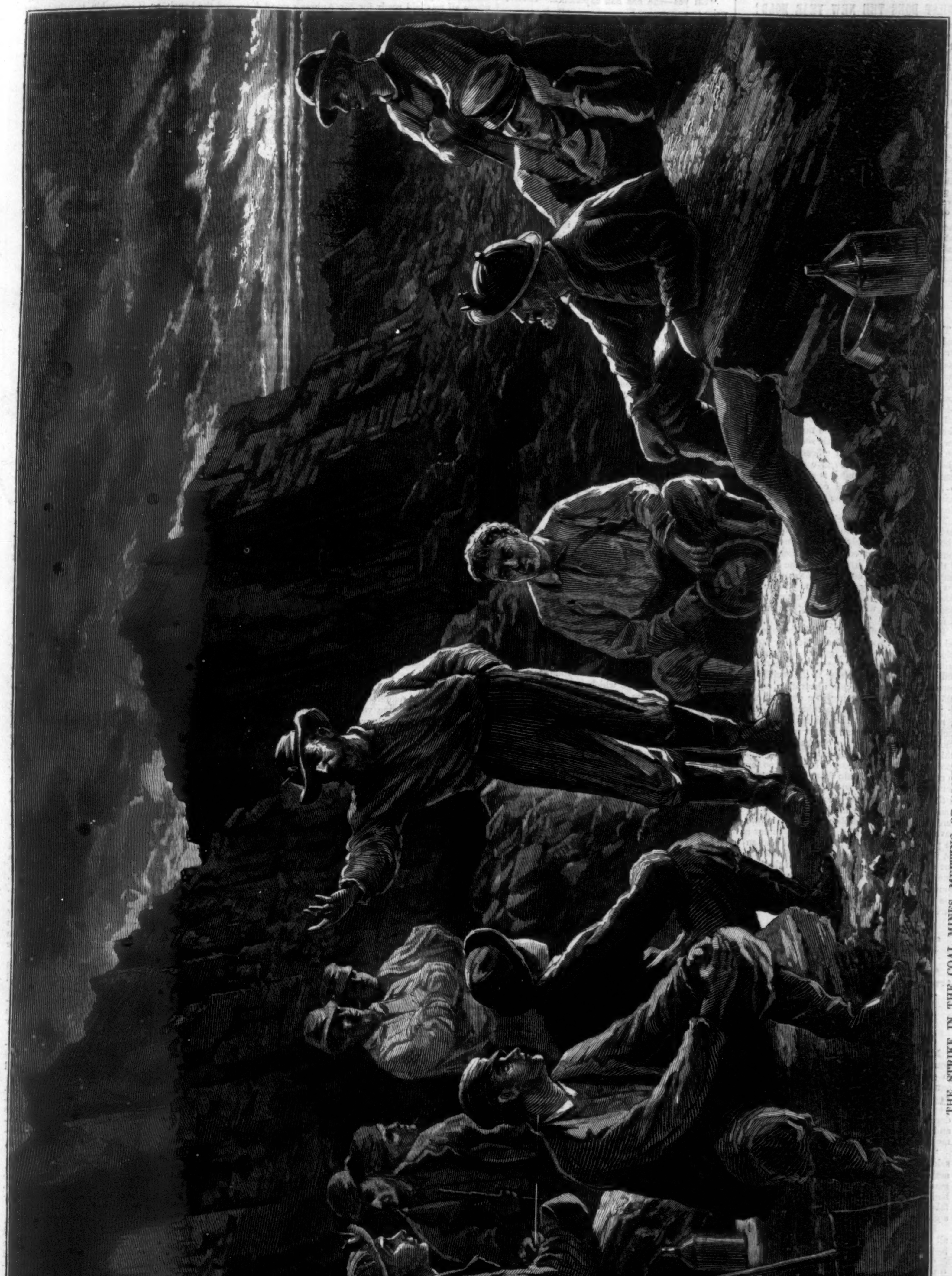
Who would live in Madras? Not a very charming place of residence, we fancy, according to recent reports concerning snakes. For some years past the Madras government has paid a reward for all snakes destroyed. During the month of March, 1873, the zeal of the populace was aroused, and no less than 425,057 snakes were killed. During the whole year more than 1,250,000 were destroyed in the entire Presidency, and over £15,700 were paid out in rewards. Snakes are expensive to the government, and hereafter the reward will be restricted to cobras. There has been a rumor that the natives were accustomed to breed cobras on purpose to obtain the reward; but there really seems no limit to the number of reptiles which infest the wild uncultivated lands of India.

The island of St. Helena is deserving of sympathy. Strangers are no longer attracted to it, and the islanders are almost penniless. The salary of a British admiral who has governed them the few past years has been a heavy burden; yet now that he has retired, they are taxed to give him a pension of £500 a year for the next nine years, while other pensions are forced upon them by government.

Americans, particularly those living in large cities, might well and wisely follow some of the customs of the Japanese. The City Council of Jeddo has passed an ordinance directing all children to be labeled with their parents' names and residences. But then all Japanese children look alike.

The London *Telegraph* describes the house of the late Sir Edwin Landseer as a long, low building, surrounded by a garden, at the bottom of which runs the Regent's Park Canal. The original of one of the Trafalgar Square lions keeps grim watch from under a gigantic tarpaulin kennel on any visitor approaching the house across the graveled court-yard which lies between it and the road. The painting-room is a large, bare room, with two high windows facing north. Great doors with rusty hinges open into the garden, and through them came the horses, dogs, dead lions, and all sitters that were not human. A hobby-horse with a side-saddle, and all the numerous straps and buckles correctly adjusted, attests the painter's fidelity to all the minuter accessories of his art. In one corner stands the huge couch, covered with a tartan, on which the painter spent many hours of the last few years of his suffering life. Two busts of the Queen, at different ages, attract every eye, placed, as they were in the master's lifetime, almost in the centre of the room, while his stand of half-emptied color tubes, and even the raised chair occupied by his sitters, are just as he left them. The walls and ceiling are toned by age into a harmonious gray, which did not attract the painter's sight from his work, and pleased him far better, so he was used to say, than the glaring whiteness and cleanliness dear to less artistic eyes.

HARD COAL FOR THE POOR.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 107.]



THE STRIKE IN THE COAL MINES—MEETING OF "MOLLY M'GUIRE" MEN.—Drawn by Frenzent and Tavernier.—[See Page 106.]

WHAT DOES THE NEW YEAR HOLD?

WHEN the year that has slipped with the Past away
Came in to us smilingly, young and gay,
He brought me a Love that was sweet and fair,
And the sunlight danced in her golden hair:
My heart was happy the livelong time,
And sang with the bells a merry chime.

But the year grew old, and my Love grew cold,
And the joys that I grasped slipped from my hold;
The heart I trusted proved false and wrong;
My hopes grew weak that were once so strong.
I wearied of old, and sought for new;
The old year's promises were not true!

O New Year, what have you brought to me?
What of the future I can not see?
Will you give me another Love so fair,
To prove, like the last, but light as air?
Have you songs for my heart that are sweet and glad,
Or only strains that with tears are sad?

When you, like the year just gone, grow old
And hoary-headed and weak and cold,
Shall I weep for a *true* friend gone from me,
Because you have dealt so lovingly?
Or, e'en as the old year proved untrue
(Though promising all things fair), will you?

COAL MINERS' STRIKE.

THE extensive strike among the Pennsylvania coal miners, consequent upon the proposed reduction in the rates of payment, brings into special prominence their powerful organization, known as the "Molly M'Guire Secret Society," which for several years has exerted a widely ramifying influence among them. The coal-fields of Pennsylvania are entirely under its control, and its branches extend into other States where coal is found. All the miners, with very few exceptions, belong to this society, and obey the edicts of their elected officers with a blind fidelity. It is difficult to give an exact statement of its numbers, but it is sufficiently strong to have brought the coal companies to terms many times, in spite of the most powerful combinations.

Through this secret society strikes are organized and put in execution, and woe to the miner who refuses to comply with the order of the council. Warnings come first, then threats; if the daring miner still disobeys, he is formally sentenced to death, and the sentence is carried out unless averted by submission. So many accidents occur in mines that a miner may be made away with without exciting the suspicion of foul play.

The meetings of the Molly M'Guire men are held secretly. Some secluded field or house is selected for the purpose, guards are posted at suitable distances from the place of gathering, and no person not belonging to the society is allowed to approach. Our illustration on page 105 shows such a meeting in a deserted mine, or "caved-in work," as the miners call it. It is not surprising that the miners should form such an organization as the best means in their knowledge of resisting the oppressive conditions which the coal companies often seek to impose upon them; but no measures could be too severe to compel them to refrain from the violence and murder to which they so often resort. So great is the terror the society excites that not a jury could be found in the mining regions to give a verdict against a member who was known to have committed murder. When a miner is to be put out of the way, a member is chosen by lot for the dark deed, and it is performed without flinching. The miner on whom the lot falls knows that he will have the services of the best counsel should he be put on trial, and that, should the worst happen, his family will be well taken care of.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LADY PERRIAM ENGAGES A SICK-NURSE.

MR. STIMPSON came in a little less than an hour from the time when the messenger started in quest of him. The man had found him at home, and the old surgeon had driven over to Perriam as fast as a good horse and a light gig would take him. He made his examination, ordered the invalid to be taken up to his bedroom, and suggested an immediate telegram to a famous London physician.

"We must have Crow down to-morrow," he said, confidentially, to Mr. Bain, when he had assisted at Sir Aubrey's removal, and seen him made comfortable in the vast four-post bed, which had the grandeur and funereal gloom of a catafalque. "The case is serious, and we must have a good nurse," he added, in a louder tone.

Lady Perriam, Mr. Bain, and the doctor were all in the dressing-room adjoining Sir Aubrey's bed-chamber.

"Can not I nurse my husband?" asked Sylvia. "He likes me to be with him."

"As his companion, no doubt, but to attempt any thing more in his present state would be to impair your own health. We must get some reliable person to be in constant attendance upon Sir Aubrey. His valet, of course, will be able to do a good deal, but a woman will be wanted as well. I know what ordinary servants are; they soon get tired of sick-rooms."

A curious look flashed into Lady Perriam's face. It had been cold and expressionless as marble till this moment.

"I think I know of a person in London who would do," she said, quickly.

"Has she had any experience as a sick-nurse?"

"Oh yes—she has had experience. Shall I write to engage her?"

"It would be better to telegraph," answered Mr. Stimpson. "I can take the message, if you'll be so good as to write it."

"No, I'd rather write to her. She'll want money for traveling expenses. I can inclose a bank-note in my letter."

"Would it not be wiser to get some one from Monkhampton?" suggested Mr. Bain.

"I do not know any one in Monkhampton, and I do know this person in London," said Lady Perriam, looking at the doctor, and not at Mr. Bain. "If my husband is to have a nurse, I should like her to be a nurse of my choice rather than any one else's."

This was her first defiance of Mr. Bain, and trivial as the occasion seemed, Sylvia felt that it was not without its significance. She had an inward conviction that Shadrach Bain wanted to be master in that house—aspired, in his presumption, to rule her even. Sir Aubrey's helplessness laid the household in a manner at the agent's feet. Now, therefore, was the time for her to assert her supremacy.

"I'll write to this person, Mr. Stimpson," she added, without once looking at Mr. Bain, yet feeling that those cold gray eyes were watching her. "You may consider that matter settled."

"Very well, Lady Perriam, we must contrive to get on till she comes down. You are sure she is experienced?"

"Quite sure. Do you suppose I would engage her if it were otherwise?"

"Certainly not, Lady Perriam. Only your own experience of illness has been happily so slight. What is this woman's name, by-the-way?"

"Carf—Carter," replied Lady Perriam.

Mr. Bain observed the hesitation, and a bright red spot that kindled in the cheek of the speaker, and slowly faded back to pallor.

The slow steps of shuffling, slipshod feet sounded without, the door opened, and Mordred Perriam came into the room, carrying an old-fashioned silver candlestick, with a guttering candle that had burned almost to the socket. It was one of the absent-minded bookworm's habits to let his candles burn down to the socket, and to let his fire go out half a dozen times a day. Custom had made him independent of servants, and he relighted his own fire, and had a stock of candles at hand to fill the empty candlesticks. No one ever gave less trouble in a household than harmless Mr. Perriam.

As he came into the dimly lighted room with the yellow glare of that flaming candle on his face, the same thought entered the minds of Sylvia and Mr. Bain. They were both alike impressed by the awful resemblance which Sir Aubrey's countenance, changed as it was by the paralytic stroke, bore to the face of his younger brother. That painful change which had aged the elder man by ten years made the brothers as much alike as if they had been twins. Mordred stared at the three in a helpless, agitated way for a minute or so before he spoke.

"Is there any thing wrong?" he asked at last. "Has any thing happened? It's eight o'clock, and the dinner-bell hasn't rung."

"You had better dine in your own room to-night, Mr. Perriam," answered Shadrach Bain; "your brother is very ill."

"Is he worse than he was this morning?"

"Much worse," said Mr. Stimpson; and then he told Mordred about the seizure.

"Why wasn't I sent for?" asked Mordred, piteously.

"You would have done no good," replied Mr. Bain, with his practical air. "Don't agitate yourself, Mr. Perriam. Sir Aubrey will be all right in a day or two, I dare say."

"Is he in there?" inquired Mordred, pointing to the open door of the bedroom.

"Yes, but you'd better not disturb him," said the doctor. "Chapelain is with him, and he has fallen into a doze. Quiet is a grand point—supreme quiet. No one must go in and out but Lady Perriam."

"Very well; I will do whatever is best, though I should like to see him," said Mr. Perriam, with resignation, yet dolorously. "But please don't keep me away from him longer than is necessary. I am very fond of my brother; indeed, I have reason to be so, for he is the only friend I have."

Mr. Stimpson said something re-assuring.

"Would there be any objection to my sitting here for an hour or two?" inquired Mr. Perriam; "I shall not make any noise. I won't speak a word, so I don't think I can disturb my poor brother. I should like to feel that I was near him."

"I see no objection," said Mr. Stimpson, "unless Lady Perriam—" he added, vaguely, appealing to Sylvia.

"I have no objection to Mr. Perriam's staying here," she said, carelessly. She held Mordred Perriam of little more importance than a piece of animated furniture—wearisome on occasions, but hardly worthy of consideration at any time. It could matter very little whether he were in one room or another. Mordred staid, therefore, seated in a warm chair by the hearth, rubbing his withered old hands, and shivering a little now and then, or occasionally breathing troubled sighs. Mr. Stimpson departed, after promising to telegraph to a London physician directly he got back to Monkhampton, promising also to be at Perriam Place by eight o'clock next morning. Mr. Bain went down stairs with the doctor, but declared his intention of remaining at Perriam till a late hour.

"I have no patients waiting for me," he said, "so I'll stay as long as I can, and see how Sir Aubrey goes on. You might call at my door as you go by, and tell my daughters what has happened. They might be alarmed if I were later than they expected."

Mr. Stimpson promised to do his neighbor this kindness. Mr. Bain went into the dining-room, where all was laid ready for Sir Aubrey's small family. There were the three covers set forth in all accustomed pomp, far apart on the great Sahara of table-cloth. Mr. Bain rang the bell with an air of being quite at home in that spacious chamber.

"Bring me some dinner," he said to the butler. "And you'd better send a tray up to Lady Perriam's dressing-room. She won't come down stairs any more this evening, I dare say."

Lady Perriam was in no humor for refreshment of a substantial character. She told the servant to bring her some tea, and take the dinner tray away with him.

She was writing a letter when the maid went in. Sir Aubrey's dressing-room opened out of the bedroom on one side, and on the other communicated with that narrow passage which led to Mordred's apartments. Lady Perriam's dressing-room was a small oak-paneled chamber on the other side of the bedroom, a chamber that in days gone by had been used as an oratory by a certain Lady Perriam of Roman Catholic faith and Jacobite leanings. It was a narrow slip of an apartment, with a small fire-place in one of the angles, like those one sees in some of the closets at Hampton Court. Three dark blue Oriental jars adorned the high narrow chimney-piece, a fine carving of the Perriam coat of arms stood boldly out upon the time-darkened panel above them. Sombre green damask curtains shrouded the one narrow window and its deep-cushioned window-seat. The wash-stand and dressing-table, of darkest mahogany, were small and inconvenient. A Chippendale Pembroke table, with the famous claw-and-ball feet, filled the centre of the room, a tall, narrow wardrobe occupied the end wall, and, with a secretaire and two roomy old arm-chairs, completed the furniture of the apartment. Seen by the light of two tall candles, Lady Perriam's dressing-room had a somewhat gloomy air. One might fancy one of the state prisons of the Tower—that room, for instance, where Sir Thomas Overbury was done to death—about as lively of aspect. Sylvia was deeply absorbed in that letter, so deeply that she seemed hardly aware of the servant's entrance with the dainty little silver tea-tray, though the maid, perhaps out of kindly concern for her mistress, lingered in the room a few minutes to stir the fire, and to draw those heavy curtains a little closer. The letter ran thus:

"PERRIAM PLACE, NEAR MONKHAMPTON, *March* 15.

"DEAR MRS. CARFORD,—I find it in my power to provide at least a temporary home for you, if you are able to fulfill the duties which will be required of you in the position I can offer. In your struggles to obtain a living you may have sometimes been employed as a sick-nurse. If that is the case, and you feel yourself able to nurse and wait upon an elderly gentleman who has just been rendered helpless by a paralytic stroke, I can engage you as an attendant upon my husband, Sir Aubrey Perriam. But it must be understood if you come here that you will say nothing about your past life to any member of this household, and that you will keep the strictest silence upon any thing you may happen to know about my father. I offer you this opportunity out of compassion for your sad state, and hope you will give me no reason to repent my confidence.

"I inclose a ten-pound note to enable you to provide yourself with decent clothes, and to pay your expenses. Please to buy a ready-made outfit, and come by the first train that will bring you conveniently after your receipt of this letter.

"If questioned as to your qualifications as a sick-nurse, you must reply that you have had ample experience, but you need give no details. When you arrive here you will inquire for Lady Perriam, and you will call yourself Mrs. Carter, as I imagine you would hardly like to be known by the name that belonged to you in better days.

"Yours truly,

"SYLVIA PERRIAM—late CAREW."

This letter addressed and sealed, Lady Perriam looked at her watch. There was just time for a groom to catch the Monkhampton post, which did not go out till half past nine o'clock. It now wanted a quarter to nine. She rang, and gave her maid the letter, with strict orders that it should be taken to Monkhampton without a moment's delay. The maid promised obedience. This business dispatched, Sylvia drew her chair to the fireside, and sat looking at the ruddy logs on the low hearth, and meditating on the step she had just taken.

"Have I done wisely, I wonder?" she asked herself. "Surely a woman who has suffered what this poor creature has gone through must have learned to keep her own counsel. It is an act of charity to give her a good home, and the day may come when I shall have need of a friend."

Sylvia had hardly thought of her sick husband while engaged in writing this letter. She rose presently, opened the door between the two rooms, and peeped into the baronet's bed-chamber.

Sir Aubrey lay in a doze, the fitful fire-light now shining on his pale, altered face, now sinking into shadow. Chapelain sat in a comfortable chair by the bed, reading the newspaper by the light of a shaded lamp, which was screened from the invalid by the heavy bed-curtain. On the hearth-rug crouched the figure of Mordred Perriam. He had crept in from Sir Aubrey's dressing-room, noiselessly as a dog, and had been permitted to remain unnoticed and unreproved.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DR. CROW'S OPINION.

DR. CROW, the London physician, appeared at Perriam in the dusk of the following afternoon. He was the great man for all patrician ailments, having, as it were, a divine right to cure the aristocracy, landed and commercial, the episcopacy, and the bench, or, if incurable, to usher them decorously across life's mystic threshold to the unseen land beyond it. He was a square-built, genial-looking gentleman, with an ample brow, a large, massively moulded face, and dark eyes, whose lustre years of closest study and hardest work had not extinguished.

He had come more than two hundred miles to see Sir Aubrey, but a quarter of an hour in the sick-room, and ten minutes in consultation with Mr. Stimpson, comprised all the time that he devoted to the consideration of the case. What he said in those ten minutes no one knew but Mr. Stimpson. But as he retired from the dressing-room where that brief conference had been held, Lady Perriam emerged from the shadowy darkness of the corridor to intercept the great physician.

Dr. Crow gave a little surprised look at sight of so fair a creature in that gloomy old house, whose unbroken quiet had struck the stranger as almost sepulchral.

"Is there any hope?" Sylvia asked, eagerly.

The doctor replied dubiously, in those smooth, placid tones which tell so little to the anxious ear.

"I am not without hope that your father's life—"

"Husband's," murmured Mr. Stimpson in the physician's ear.

Dr. Crow gave another surprised look, but went on unfalteringly—

"That your husband's life may be prolonged, perhaps for many years."

"But will he get well again?"

"Nay, my dear madam, there is no reason that his bodily health should not improve, with careful nursing," replied Dr. Crow.

"Will he recover his mind?" asked Sylvia, with increasing anxiety. "Will he be what he was at the beginning of the winter, what he was yesterday morning even?"

"Alas, madam, I fear never," answered Dr. Crow, with tones of profoundest regret. Long habit had taught him to speak of his patients as if each new sufferer had been his boyhood's play-fellow, the bosom friend of his youth, the companion of his manhood, or a beloved and cherished brother. The tone was soothing, though conventional. Disconsolate widows sobbed upon Dr. Crow's shoulder, and forgot that he had not been the familiar friend of their departed ones. Hapless mothers pressed his kindly hand. And if the doctor was somewhat exaggerated in his expressions of regret, he had at least a tender heart, and compassion for all sufferers.

"What!" cried Sylvia; "will he live on for years, to be a very old man, perhaps, and remain always as he is now—without memory, saying the same words over and over again, unconscious of the repetition, at times hardly recognizing the most familiar faces! Will he be always like that?"

"Always is a long word, dear Lady Perriam," answered the doctor. "There may be some slight improvement. We will hope so. The medicines I have prescribed may have a better effect on the clouded brain than even I venture to hope. We are in the hands of Providence. But I will not conceal from you that Sir Arthur—"

"Aubrey," whispered Mr. Stimpson.

"I can not deny that Sir Aubrey's brain has received a severe shock, and I entertain little hope of his permanent recovery. The mind may in some measure regain its tone, but there will be, I apprehend, always a cloudiness, even a childishness of intellect, for which, dear Lady Perriam, we must prepare ourselves. I have promised Mr. Stimpson to come down again in about a month's time, when I may be able to speak with greater certainty. In the mean time we are quite agreed as to the treatment. And whatever regret you may naturally feel at seeing your husband's impaired intellect, dear madam, you may yet console yourself with the thought that you have him still with you. He might have been taken away altogether, and think how much worse that would have been."

Sylvia was silent. Dr. Crow pressed her hand gently, and withdrew, escorted by the respectful Stimpson.

"What a lovely young woman!" said the physician, as they went, with hushed footsteps, down the broad carpetless oak stairs. "And how young! Hardly twenty, I should think."

"Not twenty, I believe," answered Mr. Stimpson.

"She appears quite devoted to the poor old gentleman."

"She ought to be devoted to him," replied Mr. Stimpson, who, with the county generally, disapproved of Sir Aubrey's marriage. "She was only a parish school-master's daughter. However," he added, remembering his duty to his patron, "I believe she's a very amiable person, and, as you say, devoted to Sir Aubrey."

"Quite a pleasing thing to see," said Dr. Crow. "Thanks, my dear Sir; you are very good," he added, graciously, in acknowledgment of the neatly folded bank-note which Mr. Stimpson gently insinuated into his hand.

The yellow chariot had been sent to meet Dr. Crow at the Hedingham station, and now waited to take him back there. That stately equipage had scarcely driven away with its distinguished occupant when a humble vehicle, a shabby-looking fly, drove round the broad gravel sweep before Perriam Place.

Mr. Stimpson had lingered at the door to watch the great physician's departure. He now waited to see the new-comer.

"The nurse, I suppose," he said to himself.

The surgeon was right. A slender, pale-faced woman alighted from the fly, and looked timidly about, as if in quest of some one to whom to address herself. She saw Mr. Stimpson, and hesitated, doubtful whether he were a servant or a gentleman, and whether, in the latter case, she might venture to speak to him.

She was decently but suitably clad in an iron-

gray linsey gown, a black shawl and bonnet; but simple as these things were, they were worn with a neatness that was almost grace, and the stranger looked like a lady.

"A superior-looking person," thought Mr. Stimpson, noting every detail with his observant eye.

He went forward as the fly-man lifted down the stranger's poor little trunk, and relieved her from her evident embarrassment.

"You're the nurse Lady Perriam has sent for, I conclude?" he said.

"Yes, Sir. Can I see Lady Perriam, if you please?"

"You shall see her presently. But I should like to have a few words with you first about the treatment, and so on. I am the family doctor."

"I am quite at your service, Sir."

"Oh, you'd better get some refreshment first, and rest yourself a little. I can wait half an hour."

"No, Sir, I won't trouble you to wait. I am quite ready to receive your instructions."

"So be it. I sha'n't be sorry to get home to dinner. Just step in here for a minute."

Mr. Stimpson led the way into the dining-room, where the butler and his subordinate had just finished laying the table, for two only to-night. Sir Aubrey's accustomed place was a blank.

Here candles were lighted and a bright fire burning, and in this light the surgeon made a closer survey of the nurse's countenance.

Where had he seen a face which this recalled to him? He could not tell. Yet there was something in this care-worn visage curiously familiar to him.

"I hope you have had plenty of experience," said Mr. Stimpson.

"I have had much experience of sickness, Sir."

"Have you ever been a hospital nurse?"

"No, Sir."

"Have you any certificates?"

"No, Sir."

"That's a pity. You come here, as it were, without a character, and the place you are to fill is an important one."

"Lady Perriam knows me, Sir. I should have thought that would have been sufficient. I am here as Lady Perriam's servant."

"It is sufficient as to moral character; but Lady Perriam's approval is hardly a certificate of capacity. She is too inexperienced herself to know whether you are capable of discharging the required duties."

"If you find me incapable, you can dismiss me, Sir," answered the woman, with a tone in which meekness was curiously mingled with a quiet firmness—a woman who might be "equal to either fortune"—able to face ruin calmly.

"Of course," returned Mr. Stimpson; "but I don't want to expose my patient to the hazard of an incompetent nurse. Have you ever attended upon a paralytic patient?"

"Yes, Sir. I nursed an old gentleman so afflicted for nearly six months."

This was the truth. Even adversity's bitter school had failed to make Mrs. Carford a liar.

"You could refer me to the friends of that patient, I suppose?"

"If Lady Perriam should require such a reference, Sir, I am able to give it," answered the woman, with dignity.

"Very well," said Mr. Stimpson, "then we can but try you. I like your appearance. You seem to have seen better days."

The nurse let this suggestion pass unanswered. She put in no claim to by-gone gentility.

"What is your name, by-the-way?"

"Carter, Sir Mrs. Carter."

"Good. I am Mr. Stimpson, of Monkhampton, Sir Aubrey's medical adviser for the last twenty years. Now for your instructions."

Mr. Stimpson gave his orders plainly and briefly, and was pleased with Mrs. Carter's intelligent manner of receiving those directions.

"Upon my word, I think you'll do," he said, kindly; "and now I'm going home, and you'd better go and get something to eat."

"I'd rather see Lady Perriam first, if you please, Mr. Stimpson."

"Was there ever such a woman? Do you never eat? Well, you shall see your patroness. —James, send Lady Perriam's maid to ask if her mistress will see Mrs. Carter."

Sylvia had risen to a height wherein she was not approachable without a certain amount of ceremony.

Mr. Stimpson drove away in his old-fashioned gig—a relic of that departed age in which it was the mark of respectability to keep a gig. Mrs. Carter waited in the hall till the servant should return with Lady Perriam's commands.

A plainly dressed maid-servant came down, at once upper house-maid and body-servant to Lady Perriam, who had not been allowed the luxury of a handmaiden for her exclusive service.

"My lady will see you," she said; and Mrs. Carter followed her up the dark old staircase, along a wide gallery that led to Lady Perriam's dressing-room.

Here the wood fire and lighted candles made the darkly paneled room almost bright. Lady Perriam sat before the fire in her glistening gray silk dress, the sunny brown hair making a coronet above the pale brow, those lovely hazel eyes dark with thought. It was a picture that sent a thrill to Mrs. Carter's heart. The room seemed splendid to eyes that had for many years looked only on poor and sordid surroundings.

Sylvia received the stranger as it behooved Lady Perriam to receive a dependent and inferior. She did not rise from her arm-chair to offer the traveler welcome, but looked at her with a deliberate scrutiny, anxious to see whether her protégée's appearance was likely to bring discredit on herself.

"I am glad you have come here without loss of time, Mrs. Carter," she said, with a distant graciousness which did not invite familiarity; "and I hope you may be able to make yourself comfortable here."

"There is no fear of that, Lady Perriam," answered Mrs. Carter, in tones that faltered a little, though she tried to make them calm. "It is quite sufficient happiness for me to be near you."

"Apart from that source of happiness, which can count for very little, I should think, between people who are so strange to each other as you and I are, you will have, I trust, a comfortable home."

Mrs. Carter was still standing. No word, no gesture, of Lady Perriam's had invited her to be seated.

"The comforts of such a house as this are very new to me, madam; I shall know how to appreciate them," she answered, quietly. She had schooled herself to command her tones by this time, but tears glittered in the faded eyes—tears which she quietly brushed aside, and of which Lady Perriam appeared unconscious.

"And you will know how to keep your own secrets, I hope, and those of other people. You will be dumb about any facts in my father's life which, in your former acquaintance with him, may have come to your knowledge."

"I am not likely to speak of your father, Lady Perriam."

"I shall consider that a sacred promise on your part."

"Let it be a promise—I shall not be tempted to break it."

"Very well, I will trust to your honor. And now tell me if I did wrong in sending for you—in believing that you must have some experience of sickness."

"You guessed rightly. In my struggles for a livelihood I have acted as a sick-nurse. Among other patients I had one afflicted with paralysis."

"That is fortunate. Then I shall not feel I am doing wrong in trusting you to attend upon my husband. Bear in mind that you will have to please our doctor, Mr. Stimpson, as well as me."

"I shall do my duty to the utmost of my power, Lady Perriam."

"You will occupy a room on this floor, near Sir Aubrey's. It has been got ready for you, I believe. You will take all your meals there, alone, and will have no occasion to associate with the servants. Your duties will not oblige you to sit up at night unless Sir Aubrey should become worse than he is now; but you will hold yourself ready to attend him at any hour of the night should his valet call you."

"I understand, madam. I am not afraid of work, or late hours. I can be satisfied with very little sleep."

"I am glad to find you have one of the qualifications of a good nurse. Now you had better go to your own room—stay! I'll order some refreshment for you," added Lady Perriam, with her hand upon the bell.

"One moment, madam," said Mrs. Carter, stopping her. "I want to thank you for your goodness in remembering one so fallen—so wretched—in providing a home for the desolate. I had no opportunity to acknowledge the gifts you sent me, for I feared lest any letter from me might compromise you. But I felt your goodness not the less. And that in your exalted station, in a change of fortune wonderful enough to turn an older head than yours, that, despite such distracting influences, you should remember my misery, pierces me to the heart—ah! Lady Perriam, you can never know how deeply."

Sylvia's eyes—those eyes so little given to weeping—were dimmed by the time the woman had done speaking. The lashes drooped on her cheek, as she lowered her eyelids, as if to hide those tears.

"You owe me no thanks," she said, after a pause; "I am very glad to be of some service to you. I regret that the circumstances of my life prevent me serving you in any other way than that which opportunity offers. In spite of what you call my exalted position, I am by no means my own mistress."

"I can fully understand that, madam. It is only waifs and strays that are altogether free agents," said Mrs. Carter, bitterly. For her freedom had meant solitude and semi-starvation.

"I am glad to serve you," repeated Sylvia, "and I venture to hope that if I ever should need help of any kind, you will be my friend."

"Yes, to the death!" answered the other, with intensity.

"That means an unscrupulous friend, does it not?" asked Sylvia, musingly, looking down at the fire—"a friend who would not stick at trifles if any unpleasant service were required."

"It means devotion. You would not be likely to ask any thing that involved wrong-doing."

"You had better not think too well of me. I make no claim to be considered faultless."

"No one is faultless, Lady Perriam, on this earth; but I hope and believe that you are as good and pure as humanity can be."

Sylvia sighed with a somewhat weary air, and was silent for a little while before replying to this last speech of Mrs. Carter's.

"I am the creature of circumstances," she said at last. "Women are too weak to rise above their destiny. I am something of a fatalist, Mrs. Carter."

"A dangerous doctrine, Lady Perriam."

"Is it? I am sorry for that. But come, you have had nothing to eat or drink since your journey, have you?"

"No; I was more anxious to see and thank you than to eat."

Sylvia rang the bell, and the maid appeared. "See that Mrs. Carter, Sir Aubrey's nurse, has dinner, or tea, or whatever she likes best, in her own room," said Lady Perriam. "You remember the instructions I gave you this morning?"

"Yes, my lady; the room is ready, and I have taken in the tea-things and a dish of cold meat for Mrs. Carter."

"You will give Mrs. Carter wine, or any thing she pleases."

"Thank you, Lady Perriam, but I never take wine or beer."

"You are a teetotaler perhaps?"

"I have taken no pledge, but a nurse can not keep her head too clear. I shall take nothing but tea and coffee while I am in your service."

"That must be as you please. Good-night."

"Good-night, madam."

"You will begin your duties as soon as you have dined."

"Yes, madam. Mr. Stimpson has told me all I have to do."

Lady Perriam bent her head courteously as the new nurse retired.

Martha led the way to another door in the same gallery, and ushered Mrs. Carter into a comfortably furnished bedroom. A fire burned cheerily in the wide basket-shaped grate, and a round table, with a tea-tray and plates and dishes on spotless damask, had been drawn near the hearth. Such comfort, plain and unadorned as it was, struck Mrs. Carter deeply. When the servant had left her she sat for a little while looking about her with wondering eyes. Such comfort seemed like a dream.

"Am I really to occupy such a house as this?" she thought, hardly able to believe in her exalted fortune; "to live with my own daughter, and to see her every day, and yet never dare to open my arms and clasp her to my longing heart; to feel the words trembling on my lips, yet never dare to say, 'Child, I am your mother!'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TEXAS CATTLE RAID.

There are two sorts of cattle-thieves in the far Southwest—the wandering Indian tribes, and the white and half-breed marauders who come across the border from Mexico. They make their incursions in well-organized and well-mounted bands, generally under cover of darkness, and endeavor to get back across the border before the settlers can gather in sufficient number to make a successful pursuit. These predatory invasions are a source of great loss and vexation to the Texans who live within striking reach of the border, thousands of cattle being run off in this way every year. A very graphic representation of one of these raids is given in our illustration on page 100.

HARD COAL FOR THE POOR.

Our touching illustration on page 104 represents a scene which may be witnessed almost every winter day in all our large cities, where the poor are dependent for warmth upon the scanty supplies of coal which they can beg or buy. Unable to lay in a stock sufficient to last even for a few days, they have to procure it by the pailful, or less, of small dealers who buy a ton or two to be doled out in scanty measures at a large profit on the original cost. None have to pay so dear for this necessity as those who can afford to pay the least. Prosperous families, who store away twenty or thirty tons of coal in their cellars during the summer months, when the price is low, can have no conception of the misery implied in buying coal "by the quart," as is sometimes done by the very poor. That is hard coal indeed!

ROMAN VILLAS.

The chief of these charming resorts are the Villa Albani, the Villa Borghese, the Villa Pamfili Doria, the Villa Ludovisi, and the Villa Medici. The first of these, the Villa Albani, is the most celebrated for the works of art it contains—statues in the richest of marbles, bronze, and alabaster, collected with care by Cardinal Albani, who built this noble villa to contain them. To give a catalogue of these would be both wearisome and superfluous, but one, the "Antinous crowned with Lotus Flowers," is esteemed one of the most exquisite gems of ancient art. The Villa Borghese, situated just outside the Porta del Popolo, is universally resorted to, and justly admired, not only on account of the works of art it contains, but also for the beauty of its grounds, extending over a large tract of land finely laid out, so as to afford an endless variety of scenery. Here a temple, there a lake; here a fountain, there a splendid group of stone-pines or ilexes; here an olive grove, there an avenue of cypresses, affording a sombre yet grateful shade; the whole carpeted with verdure, enriched and spangled over with the many-hued anemone, and sweet with the breath of innumerable violets. The villa itself, besides many antiques of great beauty, and frescoes attributed, at least in part, to Raphael, contains some remarkable sculptures executed by Bernini at the age of eighteen; they represent the fable of Apollo and Daphne, and although executed in that exaggerated style which characterizes all the works of this master, are yet wonderfully beautiful, especially when we bear in mind the early age at which they were executed. The gradual metamorphosis of the nymph rooted to the earth, her extremities already turning into leaves and branches, while the body can yet be traced in human form, although changing rapidly into the laurel at the embrace of the god, is certainly a marvelously conceived and finely executed work, notwithstanding its rococo style, and one can but regret that so skillful a hand should not have been able to curb his too wayward genius, and produce something more worthy of his fame than the wind-tossed angels in impossible draperies which are commonly associated with his name.

The villa which next to the Borghese attracts the notice of travelers is that called Pamfili Doria, situated on the ancient Via Aurelia, beyond St. Peter's and the Vatican. The grounds of this villa are more extensive than those of the Villa Borghese, and the situation more beautiful, commanding a splendid view of St. Peter's and the adjacent country, but the villa itself does not contain so many works of art as some others. Looking from one of the windows into the garden beneath, the English visitor is startled to see before him in living green the simple word *Mary*, traced in growing myrtle, carefully kept and tended. This touching memento records the love and devotion of a husband to his very charming and deeply regretted English wife. The Princes Doria and Borghese married two sisters, daughters of Lord Shrewsbury, and their memory is deservedly reverenced in Rome for their many virtues, and this simple but ever-green memorial of a beloved wife, traced on the spot she once adorned, and viewed from the windows of the palace where once she dwelt, loving and beloved, speaks far more of undying affection than the costliest marble cenotaph ever reared to perpetuate a name. The chief attraction of the Villa Ludovisi is Guercino's fresco of "Aurora driving away Night," a beautiful and poetically treated subject. It also contains some fine antique sculptures and a group by Bernini, "Pluto carrying off Proserpine." The Villa Medici, finely situated on the Pincian Hill, is now occupied as the French Academy. The views from the upper rooms are magnificent, and the avenue of ilexes in the garden is one of the finest in Italy.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Mortals highly favored.—The poor man whose wife is neither cross-grained nor extravagant. The mechanic who always finds his wife in the house, and his meals ready when he comes home. The working-man who is not obliged to ask his helpmeet for every penny he wants, and to tell her what he intends to do with it. The man whose wife has not been taught to give curtain lectures among other branches of education. He who, after a day of hard toil, is not asked by his consort to rock the cradle and get his own supper, while she steps out to take tea with a neighbor. And he who has a clean shirt and well darned stockings to put on every Sunday morning. Let no one who enjoys any one of these blessings presume to call himself a miserable sinner.

A Table of Interest—The dinner-table.

At a party once the conversation turned, as it naturally does among young folks, on marriage—the next convenient subject besides the weather when every other fails. One of the belles, addressing a beau, quite unconsciously (as she explained) said, "If I were you, and you me, I would have married long ago."

OLD SAWS WITH MODERN READINGS.

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched."—Enumerate not your adolescent pullets ere they cease to be oviform.

"Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."—The culinary adornments which suffice for the female of the race Anser may be relished also with the masculine adult of the same species.

"Let well enough alone."—Suffer a healthy sufficiency to remain in solitude.

"Put a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil."—Establish a mendicant upon the uppermost section of a charger, and he will transport himself to Apollyon.

"The least said, the soonest mended."—The minimum of an offensive remark is cobbled with the greatest promptitude.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."—That gale is truly diseased which puffeth benefaction to nonentity.

"Looking two ways for Sunday."—Scrutinizing in duple directions for the Christian Sabbath.

"A stitch in time saves nine."—The first impression of a needle upon a rent obviateth a nine-fold introduction.

Ministers of the Interior—The cook and the doctor.

The following colloquy took place between Counselor Sealingwax and a witness who "would talk back:" "Do I understand you to say, Sir, that the prisoner is a thief?" "Yes, Sir; 'cause why—she confessed she was." "And you also swear she worked for you after this confession?" "Yes, Sir." "Then we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are confessed to you?" "Of course; how else would I get assistance from a lawyer?"

THE FRENCHMAN AND BUTCHER.

A half-starved Frenchman once, 'tis said,
  Passed near a butcher's door,
Where British beef—good white and red—
  Hung round in plenteous store.

The Frenchman gazed with longing eyes,
  Then loud "Bon! bon!" he cried;
The butcher turned with quick surprise,
  Then spoke with wounded pride:

"Get out, you great outlandish cheat,
  Nor talk such stuff as that;
You say, 'bone! bone!' I say, meat! meat!
  And meat extremely fat."

A new method of saving paper has been invented out West by editors. They write their articles with stolen chalk on the soles of their boots, and go barefooted while the copy is setting up.

A Green-Grocer—One who trusts.

What is the best key for a Christmas box?—A tur-*key*.

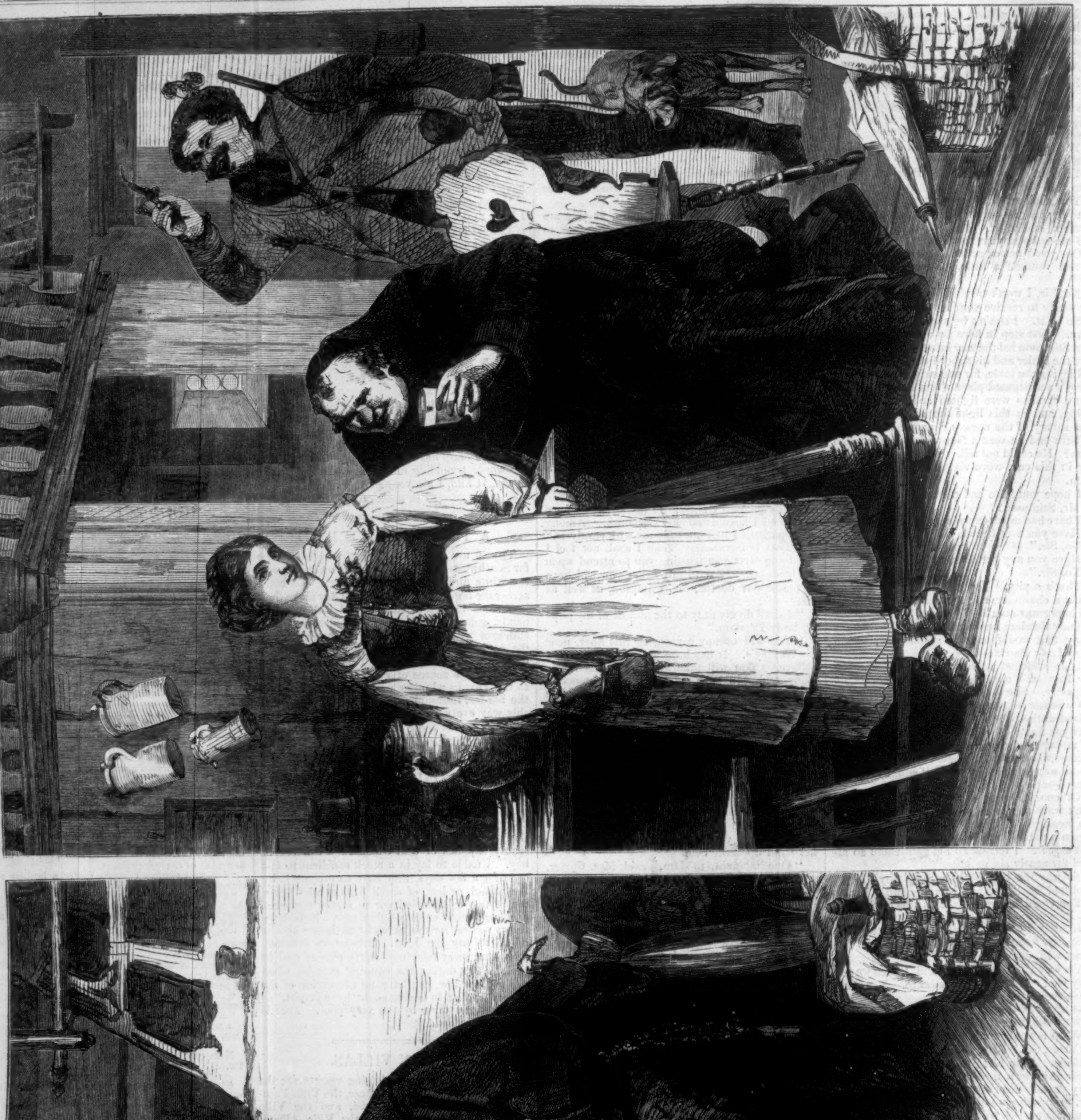
A Toast.—Woman—the last and best of the series: if we may have her for a toast, we won't ask for any but-her.

The following is one of the best English epitaphs we have ever seen upon an insignificant fellow. Every one remembers the French inscription, "Colas vivoit, Colas est mort."

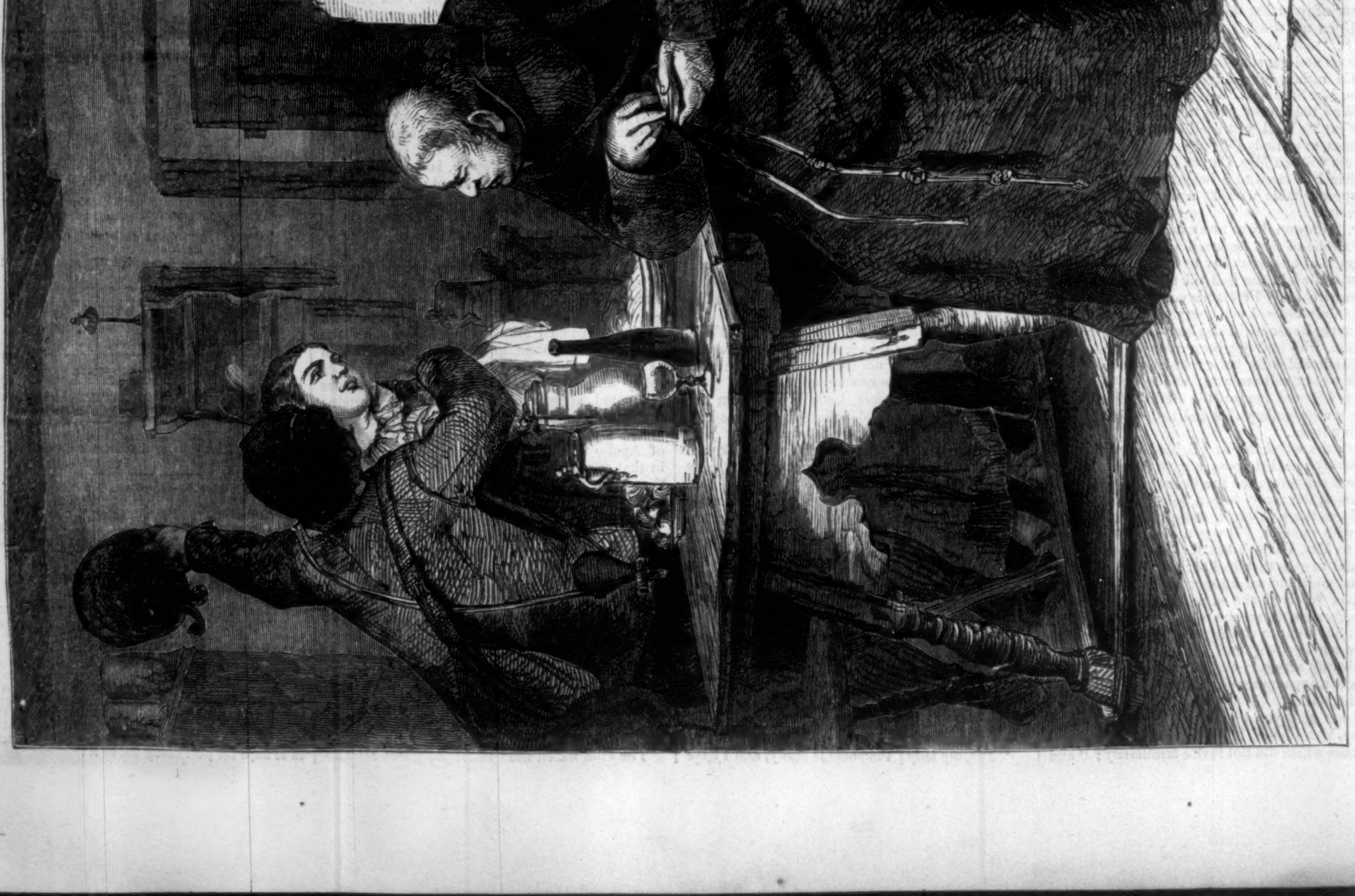
"Poor John Gray! Below he lies.
Nobody laughs and nobody cries.
Where he's gone and how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares."

An agricultural paper recommends a quart of brandy to cure the staggers. We have thought brandy was the cause of staggers.

One of the readiest replies we have heard lately was made by an Irish laborer. A gentleman traveling on horseback "down East" came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he; "a herd of cattle would starve to death on that land." "And sure, yer honor, wasn't I fencin' it in to kape the poor bastes out av it?"



"OH! OH!"



"H'M! H'M!"

LOUIS II., KING OF BAVARIA.

BAVARIA is one of the larger German states, and has often in past history played no insignificant part in the annals of Europe. But that part has seldom been an honorable one. Intensely Catholic, and looking to Rome for its policy and its aims, it has usually sacrificed the welfare of Germany to religious prejudices, and allied itself with the foe against the interests of its countrymen. In the Thirty Years' War it was the centre of the Catholic League; in the next century it allied itself with the French against MARLBOROUGH and EUGENE. It invited the first NAPOLEON into Germany, and threw down the bulwarks of the Rhine. But in the last great war, against another NAPOLEON, Bavaria, no longer the slave of priests and Pope, glowed with a fiery patriotism that may well make amends for its ancient errors. Bavarian soldiers and commanders drove before them the armies of France, and proved on many a battle-field that they were still Germans and the descendants of HERMANN. Yet LUDWIG II., King of Bavaria, was not with his troops. Young (born August, 1845), eccentric, fanciful, impulsive, he had shared the ardor of his people when they marched in an endless throng, at the opening of the war, beneath the windows of his palace, chanting the songs of the Fatherland; but the command of the Bavarians was given to a Prussian prince, and LOUIS was scarcely heard of until the close of the contest, when he was the first to offer the imperial crown to the King of Prussia.

His career has already proved eccentric, and his imprudence promises to lose him a throne. In the earlier period of his reign LOUIS was governed by his mother, a Prussian princess, was inclined to reform, and sympathized with German independence. His minister, VON LÜTZ, was an extreme liberal, and at Munich, his capital, DÖLLINGER and his disciples carried out safely their revolt against the mental tyranny of Rome. LOUIS, meantime, a passionate lover of music, had fled from public affairs to spend most of his leisure with WAGNER, the great composer. He had loved and been betrothed for some time to an Austrian princess, but the match was broken off. WAGNER, his friend, was driven from Munich by the jealousy of the court, and the young king, often escaping from the public eye, would ride off secretly to find amusement and forgetfulness in the society of his musical guide. His people complained that he was too timid or too reserved, too romantic or too indolent, to wear well the Bavarian crown. A revolution has recently occurred at the court of Munich. LOUIS has abandoned the guidance of his Prussian mother and the progressive party to throw himself into the hands of Catholic reactionists of the old nobility of Bavaria, who hate the German empire, and of the Jesuits who rule at Rome. He felt slighted, it is said, that he was not summoned to the meeting of the emperors, and evil counselors have instilled into his fanciful mind a dislike for his mother's policy and a suspicion of his Prussian relatives. He has left the Protestant to join the Romish faction in Bavaria, VON LÜTZ, the patriotic minister, has been removed, and an effort was made, which it seems has failed thus far, to form a reactionary ministry. In no country have the Jesuit agencies been more actively employed than in Bavaria; the priests have inveighed ceaselessly against the ministers from their pulpits and in their journals. The Romish Church has been converted into a political faction, and Romish intrigues have driven the young king to a perilous course. The German papers suggest that his abdication is near. The German people can not permit a Romish adherent to rule so near the Rhine. In the great war that the papal journals are foretelling, when every Catholic, with "the Jesuits in the van," is to assail the German empire, it would scarcely be safe to leave Bavaria unsecured.

LOUIS II., KING OF BAVARIA.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, now in the hands of the Turks, was, as is well known, once a Christian city, its capture by a Mohammedan power having taken place as lately as 1453. Of its actual condition previous to this change of character not much is said in the usual accounts of the place. The subject, however, is historically interesting, and we propose to offer a few particulars respecting the grand old place, gathered from a little-known narrative, which was drawn up by certain envoys dispatched on a friendly mission from the King of Castile and Leon just fifty years before the unhappy conquest of the city. The Castilians were only a fortnight in Constantinople, but, under the guidance of one of the emperor's sons-in-law, they made good use of their time, and saw much to interest and amuse them, as well as to excite their piety. Pera, in which they lodged, was not then a mere suburb, but a small detached city of handsome houses, owing allegiance to the Genoese, to whom its site had been granted by one of the emperors. Constantinople itself was at this time surrounded by a strong, high wall, forming a triangle measuring six miles from angle to angle, and protected by towers, two sides of the wall facing the sea. The parts of the city near the sea were thickly populated, but the more central portions were interspersed with open fields and gardens. The first place to which their cicerone conducted the Spaniards was the church of St. John the Baptist, an edifice approached through a court of cypress-trees, amidst which rose a handsome fountain, covered with a canopy supported by eight marble pillars. The interior of the church excited the admiration of the visitors; its lofty walls and roof being lavishly decorated with very small stones, covered with gold, blue, red, white, and green enamel, very beautiful to see. The seats were of carved wood, and between each stood a brazier filled with ashes for the convenience of expectorating worshipers. They were much disappointed at not seeing the treasures of the relic-house; the emperor had gone for a day's hunting, and taken the keys, of which he was custodian, with him.

They were more fortunate upon a second occasion. As the envoys entered the church, the monks robed themselves, lighted candles innumerable, and received the keys with much ceremony. Then, ascending to a sort of tower, they appeared, preceded by incense-burners chanting mournfully, with a chest, which they placed upon a high table covered with a silken cloth. Opening this chest, the officiating monks took out of it a white dimity bag, from which they produced three golden caskets containing various objects, described as sacred relics, that need not be particularized. In the Church of St. Mary's Peribilico the strangers are said to have had the satisfaction of seeing the right arm of St. John in a fresh and healthy condition, only wanting the thumb, the loss of which formed the subject of an entertaining legend.

There was still much more to see in the way of relics. At "a convent of old ladies" the Cas-

tilians saw a stone of many colors, bearing upon it tears dropped from the eyes of St. John and the three Marys, still as fresh as if newly fallen. At the Church of Santa Maria de la Dessetria, the church of certain religious men who abstained from wine, the grease of meat, and fish containing blood, they saw a picture of the Virgin designed and made by the hands of St. Luke. This treasure of ancient art was painted upon a square board about six "palmos" in length and breadth, and was covered with silver, and inlaid with precious stones. Once every week this picture was carried by three or four men to the centre of the court in front of the church for public edification. As Constantinople contained some three thousand churches and monasteries, not counting those in ruins, the visitors saw not a tittle of the relics enshrined there, but, considering the shortness of their stay, they had no reason to complain on this score. At Pera their eyes were gladdened by beholding the bones of St. Andrew, St. Nicholas, St. Catherine, St. Louis of France, St. Li of Genoa, and of the innocents slain by Herod's cruel edict; besides an arm of St. Luke, of Mary Magdalene, and of St. Stephen, the last minus the hand; three heads once crowning the fair shoulders of three of the eleven hundred virgins; the head and arm of St. Anne, the arm lacking a finger, stolen by one of the emperors in order to enrich his own collection of such curiosities; and many other things belonging to holy saints. At St. Sophia the believing Spaniards beheld the identical gridiron upon which St. Lawrence was roasted—a fact which does not say much for the genuineness of the bar preserved in the Escurial as taken from the saint's tomb at Tivoli by Pope Gregory.

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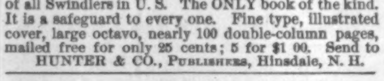
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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY, 1874.

CONTENTS:

LEGEND OF THE CASCADES.
With Five Illustrations.
SOME NOTES ABOUT POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. By WM. C. PRIME.
With Thirty-three Illustrations.
THE COLUMBIA RIVER AND PUGET SOUND. By CHARLES NORDHOFF.
With Eight Illustrations.
CITY ROAD CHAPEL.
With Nine Illustrations.
SONG OF THE REDWOOD-TREE. By WALT WHITMAN.
MY MOTHER AND I: A LOVE STORY FOR GIRLS. By the Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."
With Three Illustrations.
THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.
With Nine Illustrations.
THE LIVING LINK. By the Author of "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.
CHAPTER XVII. A Stroke for Liberty.—XVIII. A Strange Confession.—XIX. A New Comer.—XX. Faithful unto Death.—XXI. A Warning.
With Three Illustrations.
THE NEW SOUTH.—II. Industrial, Manufacturing, and Material Progress. By EDWIN DE LEON.
With Two Maps.
TOO MUCH FOR HIM. By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.
HOPE.
A CHINESE PRACTICAL JOKE.
TRIFLES.
HOLLAND HOUSE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.
EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD.
EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

The February Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is unusually varied and entertaining in its contents, with over Eighty Illustrations. CHARLES NORDHOFF contributes a very interesting illustrated paper on "The Columbia River and Puget Sound." The Number opens with a beautifully illustrated poem, "Legend of the Cascades," which gives a rendering of a remarkable Indian tradition connected with the Columbia River. WM. C. PRIME contributes some very interesting "Notes on Pottery and Porcelain," accompanied by Thirty-three Engravings. EUGENE LAWRENCE treats in his dramatic style of "City Road Chapel"—the shrine of English Methodism; and in another illustrated article some very interesting views are sketched with pen and pencil of the social life and historical monuments of Farther India.

The two Serial Novels, "My Mother and I," by Miss MULOCK, and "The Living Link," by Prof. DE MILLE—both beautifully illustrated—are continued; and two short stories are contributed by FRANK LEE BENEDICT and EMILY E. FORD.

EDWIN DE LEON continues his series of papers on "The New South," dealing in this Number with the remarkable progress recently made in Southern manufacturing, lumbering, and mining industries. Two important Maps are given, showing the great lumbering and mining districts of the Southwest.

In an article on "Holland House," EUGENE LAWRENCE gives a remarkable chapter of historical reminiscence and anecdote.

WALT WHITMAN contributes a very characteristic poem, entitled "Song of the Redwood-Tree."

The "Easy Chair" discusses Tweed's fate and the question of co-education, and gives some very entertaining gossip of the lyceum green-room. The "Scientific Record" is a complete summary of recent progress in science and the arts; and the other editorial departments are full of entertainment and instruction—including a very amusing "Drawer," with numerous illustrations.

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The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. VI.

DOLMA NVEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT	No. 7
TIGHT BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 11
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)	" 13
SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT	" 15
CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 17
LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 23
GABRIELLE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 24
BLOUSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 28
LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING OR GYMNASTIC SUIT	" 30
PLEATED WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 32
DOUBLE-BREASTED JOCKEY BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 32
ENGLISH WALKING JACKET SUIT	" 39
DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT, with Basque Back and Square Front	" 43
TIGHT-FITTING DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE, with French Ronnd Skirt	" 45
SINGLE-BREASTED BASQUINE, with Short Pouf Walking Skirt	" 47
DOUBLE-BREASTED PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron Front and Square Back Over-skirt and Long Walking Skirt	" 47
DOLMAN DEMI-TRAINED SUIT	" 48
WATER-PROOF CLOAK, with Cape and Sleeves	" 50
TIGHT-FITTING SINGLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE HOUSE DRESS	" 50
BOY'S WARDROBE, Sack Overcoat with Cape, Jacket, Vest, Knee Pantaloons, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 52

Vol. VII.

YOUTH'S WARDROBE, Sack Overcoat, Double-Breasted English Walking Coat, Double-Breasted Vest, and Suspender Pantaloons (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 1

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TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Office, No. 921 CHESTNUT ST.

ASSETS, January 1, 1874, at cost......$3,909,002 56

RECEIPTS.

Premiums received	$993,344 07	
Interest received and accrued	$271,183 09	
		$1,264,527 16
		$5,173,529 72

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses and endowments paid	$289,263 50	
Dividends allowed in reduction of Premiums	370,721 04	
Surrendered and canceled Policies	53,197 62	
Commissions to Agents, Agency Expenses, &c.	82,696 94	
Salaries of Officers, Clerks, Medical Examiners' Fees, &c.	38,417 67	
State Taxes, Licences, &c.	18,343 98	
Advertising and Printing, &c.	15,172 87	
Re-insurance paid other companies	35,116 15	
Interest, paid accrued interest on mortgages bought	3,501 94	
		906,431 71
Assets at cost		$4,267,098 01

Assets at market value	$4,409,869 53
United States 5 and 6 per cent. Bonds. Philadelphia and other City Bonds. Mortgage 7 per cent. Railroad Bonds. Bank and Railroad Stocks	$1,374,794 50
*Mortgages and Ground Rents, all first liens	$1,613,565 16
Premium Notes secured by Policies	590,758 54
†Loans on Collaterals	73,860 28
Net Premiums on Policies, not reported	46,107 40
Deferred Payment on Policies	21,216 80
Scrip Dividends purchased by the Co	295,234 33
Cash on hand and in Bank and Trust Co.'s	172,907 19
Real Estate Company's Buildings	158,000 00
Interest due and accrued on Loans	50,032 99
Rents due and accrued	2,908 83
Furniture at Home Office and Agencies	9,052 14
Bills receivable	2,388 55
Annuity	200 25
Assets at Market Value	$4,411,026 96

LIABILITIES.

Losses not yet due	$120,400 00	
Over paid by agents and others	1,157 43	
Amount required to re-insure the risks of the Company at 4 per cent. interest	3,570,900 04	
Scrip Dividends of the Co. outstanding	353,770 00	
		$4,046,227 47
Surplus for Policy-holders, 4 per cent. basis		$364,799 49
Number of Policies in force		7,673
Amount at Risk		$24,338,610 33

* Secured by property valued at $4,189,200.
† Secured by $528,088 of collaterals.

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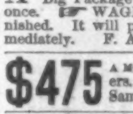

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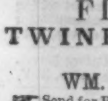

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1874.

STATEMENT OF THE **TRAVELERS.**

20TH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.

HARTFORD, CONN., JANUARY 1, 1874.

ASSETS.

Real estate owned by the company	$ 67,000 00
Cash in bank and hands of agents	229,080 07
Loans on first-mortgages real estate	1,168,292 60
Deferred premiums	57,765 14
Accrued interest	52,694 03
United States government bonds	350,145 00
State and municipal bonds	123,260 00
Railroad stocks and bonds	163,450 00
Bank and insurance stocks	482,620 00
Total assets	$2,694,306 84

LIABILITIES.

Claims unadjusted and not due	$173,524 74
Reserve, N. Y. Standard, life department	1,475,329 09
Reserve for re-insurance, acc. department	183,628 94
	$1,832,482 77
Surplus as regards policy-holders	$861,824 07

Statistics of the Year 1873.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Number of Life Policies written in 1873	2,461
Gain over 1872 in New Policies written	94
Whole number written to date	18,154
Gain in Net Premiums over 1872	$59,786 26
Whole Number of Losses Paid to Date	226
Whole Amount Paid in Losses	$511,738 99

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number of Accident Policies written in '73	35,897
Gain over 1872 in New Policies written	3,479
Net Cash Premiums rec'd for same	$505,485 82
Gain in Net Premiums over 1872	$54,807 20
Whole No. Accident Policies written	302,869
Whole number Accident Claims Paid	19,018
Whole amount Acc't Claims Paid	$1,890,301 53
Total Losses Paid, both Dep'ts	$2,402,040 52
Average Paid (both Departments) for every working day, from beginning	$836 00

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The author was an official of the United States, at home and abroad, for a considerable time, traveled extensively, met a great many noticeable persons—some great by rank, others far greater by talent and character—remembered what he saw and heard, and the result of his recollection is a volume so thoroughly agreeable that the reader must wish for another after the same fashion. The book abounds in anecdote, and the personal sketches of eminent characters are so cleverly drawn that we have the originals before us. Mr. Field had ample and excellent opportunities of forming his opinion of the various crowds in which he mingled, and has used these opportunities to our advantage.—*Philadelphia Press.*

It is charming, gossipy, and always entertaining, with no little substantial value.—*Boston Post.*

The windows to history are in the hearts and habits of men, and the writers who give us the clearest insights to events are those who show us the men dissevered from the events. The present writer has in that way done some work deserving of mention. The anecdotes told of Everett, the Duke of Wellington, Dickens, Emerson, Guizot, Thiers, Macaulay, and others, are pointed and suggestive. They throw light upon the men, and serve in many ways to interpret many of their public actions.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Twelve Miles from a Lemon. By Gail Hamilton.

Twelve Miles from a Lemon: Social and Domestic Sketches. By GAIL HAMILTON, Author of "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness," "Little Folk Life," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

The title of this volume is explained by the familiar story of Sydney Smith, who described his living in Yorkshire as being so out of the way that it was actually "twelve miles from a lemon," and consequently a like distance from all the other elements of punch and civilization. Miss Dodge apparently lives at much the same distance from Boston, and regarding Boston and lemons as synonyms of civilization, she has written a volume of sprightly little essays and sketches relating for the most part to the humors and infelicities of suburban life. In many respects it is the most entertaining of her numerous books. It is simply a volume of brilliant, witty, and audacious gossip, touching upon countless topics, and perpetually moving the reader to pleased or sardonic mirth.—*N. Y. World.*

The book is all alive with good sense, sagacity, knowledge of the world, and a kind of vital good will for the classes of people she racily satirizes.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

It is written in the curt, crisp, self-assertive, and somewhat aggressive style in which the author is fond of propounding her theories and fancies.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Will bear reading twice and thinking over much oftener.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Smiles's Huguenots after the Revocation.

The Huguenots in France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes: with a Visit to the Country of the Vaudois. By SAMUEL SMILES, Author of "The Huguenots: their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland," "Self-Help," "Character," "Life of the Stephensons," &c. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

In a former book Mr. Smiles gave us an account of those Huguenots who were fortunate enough to escape from their country. In the present book he describes the fortune of those who remained, the barbarity of the oppressors, and the heroism of the oppressed.—*Examiner*, London.

The subject teems with interest, and Mr. Smiles has grasped it and written of it with even more than his usual success. It reflects peculiar light upon the character of the French people. It is a history; but, at the same time, it is a romance.—*Hour*, London.

We welcome in Mr. Smiles's volume a good illustration of the government which some Frenchmen still desire to imitate. We commend it to all who take an interest in knowing what men have done and suffered. and especially to those who incline to admire the rule of an absolute monarch allied with the Catholic priesthood.—*Echo*, London.

The work which preceded this, from the pen of the same author, related chiefly to the causes which led to the large migrations of foreign Protestants from Flanders and France into England, and to describe their effects upon English history and English industry. This work relates more particularly to the protracted and terrible contests which preceded these expatriations, and to the events which succeeded the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. These events were of the most thrilling character. The heroism of this persecuted people of God has but few parallels in the history of the world, and the strong arm of relentless persecution never fell with more merciless severity upon the heads of its victims. The details of these persecutions are painful in their tragic character, but they illustrate the sublime faith of a people whose record constitutes one of the grandest pages in the history of the world. It is a book of deep interest.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

The volume before us, painful as is its theme, is very interesting, the story of some of the Huguenot leaders being quite romantic.—*Daily Telegraph*, London.

"THE IMAGE-SELLER."—[FROM A PAINTING EXHIBITED IN THE FRENCH GALLERY, LONDON.]

"THE IMAGE-SELLER."

THE artist has chosen for the subject of the beautiful painting from which this engraving is made an incident frequently witnessed in the villages of Italy. An itinerant image-seller stops to display his tempting wares to a couple of pretty peasant girls, who lean with placid attention over the railing of the portico or porch which gives such a picturesque appearance to Italian cottages. They do not seem inclined to purchase. The image-seller apparently can not supply them with just the cast they want to adorn their wall, or perhaps he is not willing to come down in his price. They are great hagglers, these Italian peddlers, whatever sort of wares they bring for sale, and will stand by the hour wrangling over a penny. In the end the peasant girl will get the image, if she wants it, and the peddler will go away grumbling, but secretly glad to have made a better bargain than he expected. These itinerant image-sellers often find their way to this country, and their hoarse and discordant cry of "*Imagees!*" is frequently heard in far inland towns and villages, as well as in the larger cities. They are rarer now than a few years ago, the demand for plaster casts having been replaced by a love of photographs, engravings, chromos, and illustrated books; and now, instead of a small dingy cast of "Little Samuel" in the familiar attitude, or of the "Father of his Country," we find in rural parlors tastefully framed family portraits drawn by the sun itself, engravings of famous statesmen or generals, or reproductions of some interesting historical event.

At the same time excellent plaster casts may be had, at a very low price, taken from the great masterpieces of antiquity, and these must not be confounded with the cheap and common specimens brought round by ordinary image-sellers.

THE TWO INQUESTS.

IN TWO PARTS.

Part I.

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

It was in the late autumn (October, 1845) that I came to my new home at Overton. Our house was near the outskirts of the town, and I wondered on arriving that my husband, as doctor of the union, and having, as he had told me, an extensive practice in the neighborhood, should have selected so lonely a spot for his dwelling-place. Overton was a second-rate town, with no particular manufacture, and an absence of life or movement except on Friday, the only stirring day of the week, when the stock-farmers of the neighborhood congregated at the Bull Inn to discuss market prices and the weather, while the lowing of oxen, bleating of sheep, and grunting of pigs broke the silence of the usually dull and deserted market-place.

There was little to interest the eye or ear in Overton: ill-paved, ill-lighted, with shabby shops, and an air of decay about the houses and of languor about the inhabitants which could hardly fail to strike a stranger passing through the town, and, of course, made a deeper impression upon me, looking upon it as my home.

I had met my husband at a long distance from Overton, at a sea-side watering-place, full of gayety and life, where he had been spending his brief summer holidays, and we had been thrown together as people generally are in those places, meeting on the beach in the morning, riding on the downs in the afternoon, and dancing at the Assembly Rooms in the evening. In less than two months after our first acquaintance I had become Dr. Connor's wife.

I shall not mention any circumstances connected with my own family, as they are unimportant in their bearing upon my dark story. This only I shall state, that my marriage was looked on coldly by my nearest relations, and that a feeling of wounded pride led me to drop all correspondence with them, and to determine to rely for my sources of happiness on my husband and home.

Let me recall the evening of my arrival at Overton, after three happy weeks on the Continent. It was in the thickening twilight of an October evening that my husband handed me out of the train at the Overton station. A man-servant was waiting for us on the platform, and at the first glimpse I was conscious of a feeling of dislike and depression, arising from the anxious look that he fixed upon me, and as I turned to avoid his gaze I found that my husband was also regarding me with a strange look of inquiry.

"You have not returned Simon's greeting," said he. "He is an old and trustworthy servant, and will do his best to please his young mistress."

The man gave a wintry smile, that only seemed to make his face more inscrutable, and turned away to collect my boxes, which were soon packed upon the jangling fly. Simon mounted the box by the driver, and we were jolted down the muddy road and over the rough streets of Overton. A sharp turn brought us into the market-place, now lighted by a few dim oil-lamps. The creaking signs of the two inns kept up a dismal duet in the foggy evening air.

A larger and brighter lamp was burning before the only respectable and cheerful-looking house in the market-place. A smartly painted door and six upper windows led me to think that this must be our house, and I turned to my husband to ask him if it was so.

"No," said he; "our house is not exactly in Overton, but stands about half a mile off on the Ambledon Road. This is Lawyer Piggott's, one of our magnates in this small place."

The fly rattled on, leaving the better streets and coming into a region of squalid cottages, interrupted by spaces of ill-cultivated garden ground.

Soon the cottages ceased altogether, and about a quarter of a mile farther we pulled up before a tall brick house, with iron railings on each side of it, and a flight of stone steps up to the door. The windows were dark, and no light of welcome brightened the aspect of this place. Simon got down and rang violently at the bell, and my husband looked annoyed at the tardiness of the woman who at length opened it.

"Didn't you get my letter, Mrs. Judson?" he asked, angrily, as we entered the passage.

"Yes, Sir," said the woman, courtesying, and, as I thought, looking at me narrowly from head to foot; "every thing is ready for Mrs. Connor."

It seemed to me that she laid a particular emphasis on my name. She held a candle in her hand, inviting me to follow her up stairs, while my husband opened the door of a well-lighted parlor, in which I could see that the cloth was laid for dinner. I followed Mrs. Judson, and was agreeably surprised to find how much happier and brighter it was inside than I had been led to expect from the exterior.

There were two windows in the bedroom, and, on raising the blind, I found that they looked on the long garden at the back of the house.

"This is a back-room, ma'am," said the woman, "but master ordered it to be prepared; and, indeed, at this time of the year it's far more pleasant than the front one, and I may say that nearly all the best living-rooms look this way."

"It can't be a very large house," said I, as I began to take off my bonnet and cloak.

"Well, ma'am, 'tis larger than you'd think, I dare say; and though certainly 'tis lonely, 'tis also very convenient."

She spoke kindly, but did not relax her scrutiny; still I thought this natural; so, taking a look round the room, recognizing some engravings of pictures I had admired abroad, and nicely bound copies of most of my favorite poets, I ran down stairs to thank my husband for these little proofs of his watchful love.

I looked for him in vain in the lighted parlor, and being impatient to tell him of my delight, I crossed the passage, and pushing open a door opposite the dining-room, found myself in what was evidently the dispensary. This, too, was empty, but a ray of light found its way through an imperfectly closed door on the other side of the room; I gently opened it, and saw my husband standing with his back toward me, looking into the half-open drawer of an old-fashioned bureau, which appeared the only piece of furniture in the room. Within it I caught a glimpse of something white and gauzy, like a woman's veil. A strange thrill even then crept through me as I stood, not venturing to draw nearer, though my curiosity was at once aroused. It was a narrow closet-like room, with no fire-place, and seemed by its damp darkness to swallow up the rays of the candle which stood by my husband's side. He turned suddenly as my dress rustled against the door, closed the drawer hastily, and advanced toward me with an agitated and eager manner, uttering an exclamation of alarm; then, with a rapid change:

"Why, Georgie, how did you find your way into this dark hole? Come, my love," said he, kindly, "back into life and warmth and light. Doctors' wives are never allowed to penetrate into the mysteries of the dispensary among poisons and horrid instruments."

Did his voice tremble as he said poisons? or was it my imagination? It was not until we got back into the light and warmth again that I noticed how pale and wan my husband's face had become; and the evening passed and turned into night ere the troubled expression faded out of his dark melancholy eyes.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. PIGGOTT.

The occupations of a young wife in settling down in a new home are always sufficient to employ her thoughts and time. I had therefore but little leisure at first to indulge in surmises or speculations on many points, which gradually began to raise questions and doubts within me: now and then, indeed—even during the first week—after our return home I wondered whether my husband's position was sufficiently established to admit of my being treated as an equal by the squires' families among whom he visited as medical man.

No cards as yet graced the china basin on my writing-table. I had decorated the room, which I called my drawing-room, with the usual pride of a young married woman. The colored Bohemian glass, the Sèvres inkstand, the French clock, and all the pretty appurtenances of a newly furnished apartment had been arranged and re-arranged, but as yet no eyes had admired them but my own. My morning hours were spent in reading, playing over my husband's favorite songs, and settling my household affairs with Mrs. Judson. In the afternoon I paced the garden, for as yet I had not summoned up courage to face the town by myself. My husband generally left home at half past nine, and I seldom saw him again until our dinner hour at six, though I frequently waited for him till seven. From this I judged that his practice must be extensive, and that he probably rested somewhere in the middle of the day, as I hardly deemed it possible for one horse to take him over so many miles without respite; but I had a certain kind of timidity which I thought becoming in the wife of a professional man, and therefore never asked him questions as to the houses he visited, but accepted any little scraps of talk which he vouchsafed as pure acts of grace on his part. Mingled with my strong admiration and love I had a curious feeling of hesitation in seeking any light on his past life and associations.

His conversation seldom turned upon every-day incidents, but was rather drawn from the many sources of information and original thought in his own richly gifted mind. He frequently would read me papers of an essay-like kind which he had written on abstract subjects. The evenings were always full of pleasant intercourse, though we never seemed to enter that inner region of confidence which is the great blessedness of happy married life.

At length one solitary card appeared in my basket. I was sitting alone as usual about three o'clock in the afternoon, tired of my monotonous employments, and counting the hours till my husband's return, when a ring at the front-door made me start nervously; it was the first time I had heard the bell of my own house since the night of my arrival. At this slight but unusual sound, a presentiment that it was the note of warning of evil to come rushed through my mind. I laid down my work, and looked toward the door in anxious expectation. I was disappointed, however, for Mrs. Judson's face alone appeared, with a card in her hand, which she handed to me; it was black edged, with "Mrs. Piggott" inscribed upon it. I was too glad of an opportunity of exchanging a few sentences with Judson, who went through all her duties with perfect regularity and cleanliness, but more as if she was moved by clock-work than by the instincts of a human being.

"Is this the old lady," I asked, "whom I have seen at church in Lawyer Piggott's pew?"

"Yes, ma'am; it is the lawyer's mother. She's an excellent lady, and I am afraid she's overwalked herself coming this distance; it's an uncommon thing to see Mrs. Piggott so far from home."

"Then run after her, and beg her to come in and rest herself."

"I don't think it 'll be of much use, ma'am," said Mrs. Judson; "and she's too far back by this time."

"Pray go!" I repeated. "I can not bear the thoughts of this old lady walking so far without resting. I must go myself," I said, rising, "if you dislike the trouble."

"It's not the trouble, ma'am," said she, quietly; "I'll do as you tell me;" and immediately ran down the steps into the road.

I followed her, and stood at the door watching my first visitor with some curiosity. She had gone some paces, and was walking with the feeble gait of advanced years. She turned on hearing footsteps behind her, and showed a face of shrewd kindliness; her hair was very white, while her eyes were dark and bright, which gave her face a very penetrating and keen expression.

"My mistress hopes you'll walk in, Mrs. Piggott," said Judson; "she's sorry you should have walked so far."

"My compliments to your mistress," said the lawyer's mother—and her voice sounded very distinct in the wintry air—"but I should prefer receiving her at my own house, and I'm not at all too tired to walk home at once. Tell her, if you please, I am obliged to her for her politeness, and hope soon to see her."

As she finished speaking she caught my eye, and courtesied with the formality of the old school. I returned her greeting, and went back to the fireside meditating on this little incident. Why was it that I scrupled to tell my husband of this visit? I looked at the card, and debated whether I should leave it in the card-basket or put it in my writing-case. I had a sort of feeling that if my husband saw it he would forbid me to return the visit. He had already spoken of Lawyer Piggott in a disparaging sort of way, and had usually discouraged my going into Overton on any pretext, except to church on Sunday.

Five o'clock struck, and I went up stairs to change my dress; before my toilet was over I heard my husband's voice in the passage. I instantly remembered I had left the card in the basket, and that he would see it without any preface from me. I listened, wondering whether he would ask Mrs. Judson for an explanation of it, and heard a whispered inquiry, and answer in an equally low tone from her. I could not discover if it was a tone of vexation or approval; but I hastily finished dressing, and ran down to my husband, determining to express to him the pleasure I felt at the thought of making an acquaintance at last.

He was looking thoughtfully at the card as I entered the room.

"Have you seen Mrs. Piggott, my dear?" he asked at once.

"I can hardly call it seeing her, Robert, for she would not come in. I was very sorry that she refused my offer of rest and refreshment, though I sent Judson after her; it was so very kind of her to come so far to call on me, and I hope you'll let me return her visit. I like her face," I added, "and have always wished to know her since I saw her at church."

He still stood looking musingly at the card, and presently said, in a kind tone of voice,

"Poor child! It's natural you should wish for a friend, and I'd rather you had Mrs. Piggott for one than any one else about here."

"Thank you, Robert; and you'll come with me, won't you?"

His countenance fell.

"No, Georgie, I have no time for visits except those of duty. I have long ago ceased to pay calls, and my presence will not be expected by Mrs. Piggott; you will be more welcome alone."

He dropped the subject, and it seemed as if, notwithstanding his praise of the lady, there was a tacit understanding between us that enough had been said about her.

CHAPTER III.

OVERTON CHURCH-YARD.

It was on a Saturday that Mrs. Piggott had called, and I looked forward with pleasure to exchanging a greeting with her on Sunday, and was therefore proportionately disappointed when an obstinately rainy day seemed to shut out all hopes of reaching church. My husband made no difference in his prolonged absences on the Sundays; they were evidently no rest days to him; and I had hinted more than once how much I wished that he would manage to accompany me at least to one of the services.

Generally he would reply to any observation of this sort with a very tender expression, partaking almost of pity; would smooth my hair with his hand, and say, "Poor little woman! There are many ways of serving God without going to church. The duties of a medical man are not the least among them." With these kind of excuses my husband would silence me for the time; indeed, he had a peculiar art in turning from any subject on which we were likely to differ. Accordingly, on this particular Sunday I saw him depart soon after breakfast, and prepared to pass the morning as well as my now constantly recurring feelings of uneasiness would allow me.

After reading for a while I rose and looked out of the window, and, to my great satisfaction, noticed that the clouds were breaking, the rain falling less heavily, and a struggling gleam in the distance led me to hope for a fine afternoon. I had an unaccountable desire to reach Overton Church that day, and long before I need have set out for the afternoon service I had put on my water-proof and was splashing along the wet road. The streets of the town were more than ever repellent on that November afternoon. I scarcely met a human being as I passed along. A few lads were lounging against the iron railings of the church-yard, who stared at me as I came up to them, and as I passed into the porch one of them said to me, "Church doors ain't open; bells ain't begun yet." I thanked him, and walked round into the church-yard, which was one of the old-fashioned kind, crowded, neglected, ill-kept, and full of monuments of more than usual ugliness. One end seemed reserved for the poorer classes, as the graves were distinguished by no head-stones. One there was, however, which I noticed had a plain flat stone let into the turf, and toward this I walked slowly, and read the words,

"AMY CONNOR, died December 17, 1844."

This was all that was upon the stone! It must have been some near relative of my husband's, for I had heard of no other Connors in the neighborhood. Why had he never mentioned to me her loss? Why never even named her to me? She could not have been dead a year when I came to Overton. Now, again, sprang up an earnest desire to see Mrs. Piggott, and learn from her something of my husband's former circumstances; every thing as yet was so vague and shadowy in my own heart that I dared not examine its growing doubts. I was but nineteen, and more inexperienced than women are nowadays at that age; had I been wiser and older I should have hesitated before I sought from a stranger the elucidation of my perplexity. While I stood still gazing at the stone the bells began to chime, and stragglers to enter the church-yard.

I resolved to wait till I saw Mrs. Piggott, and then to follow and seat myself near her in church. She came at length, leaning on the arm of a tall, gentleman-like man, in whose face I could see enough of the mother reflected to be convinced that it was no other than her son, Lawyer Piggott, of whom I had already heard. His eyes seemed to take in in an instant every one in the church-yard, and I was conscious that his look rested on me for a moment with a surprised expression. Mrs. Piggott bowed to me, and he raised his hat, and they passed into the church. I followed up the aisle, and entered the pew immediately behind them, which was fortunately tenantless. I fear I was far more occupied with the lawyer and his mother during service than with what was going on around me. My attention was suddenly diverted by the pelting of the rain against the windows, and the howling of the wind, which seemed momentarily to rise into greater violence. I noticed Mrs. Piggott lean toward her son and whisper something, to which he nodded gravely; and when the sermon was over, and we were preparing to leave the church, he came forward and said,

"My mother is anxious you should take shelter in our house, Mrs. Connor, until this storm is over."

I was too glad to accept the invitation. Here at once, I thought, is an opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. I refused the lawyer's proffered arm, and begged Mrs. Piggott to go on with her son while I followed. The church stood in the market-place, so we had only to cross this to reach their house. The old lady took my hand as we entered the hall, and said,

"Welcome, Mrs. Connor; I have wished much to see you here."

A broad staircase led us up into a long and comfortable room, which looked half library, half drawing-room, and in which traces of the son's occupation were noticeable. Mrs. Piggott drew two arm-chairs up to the fire, and turning to her son, said, with a smile,

"I dare say Mrs. Connor will excuse you, Archie; so, if you will send us up some tea, I will try and keep her," turning kindly to me, "till the storm is over."

I was won by the kindness of the old lady, and seated myself by the fire with a suppressed eagerness on finding myself embarked in what might prove a confidential conversation with Mrs. Piggott.

"I'm afraid, my dear, you must find it lonely?" she said, in a motherly tone.

"Very lonely," I replied; "but I hope my husband will take me into the country when the weather is finer, for as yet I have seen nothing of the neighborhood."

"Have you no visitors, then?"

"Not a single card has been left on me since I came, except yours."

Mrs. Piggott mused a little; then,

"Has not Dr. Connor taken you to Carwithen Castle, and introduced you to his great friend Lord Carwithen?"

"No," I replied. "Is it near enough for a drive? I thought it was the other side of the county."

"It is but nine miles from your house, and your husband is frequently with him; no doubt you will soon know him. But you have an excellent companion in Dr. Connor; he is a man of such varied information."

"Yes," I said, with a half sigh; "but I am so much younger and inexperienced that I am not the companion to him that I ought to be; but he's very, very kind."

"Well, I'm glad," said she, "that there's a lady at the Moor House once more."

I caught at the words "once more."

"Did you know," I asked, "the Amy Connor whose grave I saw for the first time this afternoon?"

Her kind face clouded over as she answered, "Yes; I knew her as much as any one could know a being so unfortunate."

"Why so unfortunate?" I said, my curiosity and anxiety increasing.

"My dear, is it possible you have never heard

of your husband's only sister, and of her melancholy history?"

"Never!" I exclaimed. "I did not even know that he had a sister."

More than a minute passed before Mrs. Piggott spoke again, as if taking counsel with herself.

"I fear I have not been wise," she said at last, "in thus talking, as Dr. Connor has not mentioned the subject to you himself."

"Oh, I am sure he will tell me all about it," I cried; "but if it is a painful story, that has been reason enough for his concealing it from me. Pray tell me all, Mrs. Piggott."

We were interrupted by the entrance of the servant with tea, and the three cups showed that the lawyer meant to join us. I was sorry to think we were to be interrupted, for my anxiety was growing stronger every moment.

"I think I must ask Archie's advice," said the cautious old lady; and rising, she suddenly left the room.

I began to ask myself in her brief absence whether I was right in seeking from a stranger's lips the information on a piece of family history which my husband had thought fit to withhold from me, but I felt the opportunity might not occur again, and I could not bear to return home unenlightened. Mr. Piggott came back with his mother in a few moments, and seating himself near me, said, with a grave but kindly manner:

"My mother tells me, Mrs. Connor, that you have never heard any of the circumstances connected with your husband's sister. I do not think it would be right that I, a perfect stranger, should make so painful a communication to you. I feel it would be better for your peace of mind that you should at once seek for information from Dr. Connor, and not risk the first hearing of so sad a story from persons who might be less disposed to feel for you than we are."

I trembled as he spoke. An air of sternness had been apparent as he mentioned my husband's name, and I felt that I dared not make a farther inquiry. My heart beat with an indignant sense that this man blamed and distrusted my husband. I rose hastily, tied my cloak, and prepared to depart, feeling much more friendless than when I had entered the house. Mrs. Piggott stayed me.

"My dear young lady," she said, in a sweet and pitying tone, "Archie is right; only Dr. Connor's lips should tell you of the past. He has had some good reason, doubt not, for keeping it from you. Open your heart to him; he must need comfort more than you or we can tell. Let it be your mission to give it him. Be his consoler. A wife's tenderness is the best balm for such wounds as his. If he will allow us to be your friends, come to us again, and we will then, if he approves, tell you all that we know of the past sorrow; but it must only be by Dr. Connor's permission and express sanction."

She drew me toward her and kissed my cheek, which was burning with mingled feelings. Mr. Piggott attended me in stiff silence to the door, bowed formally, and allowed me to depart without a single re-assuring word. And so ended the visit I had longed for, and I took my way home through the wintry twilight with a sinking and heavy heart.

CHAPTER IV.

A REVELATION.

My mind was lost in a sea of conjecture as I sat by the fire awaiting my husband's return on that dim November evening. Questionings, doubts, and surmises were thronging on me into which I dared not examine. Why had my husband never spoken to me of his sister? Why had Mrs. Judson never alluded to or mentioned her death, which must have taken place in this very house only eleven months ago? I remembered with a shudder that start of horror when I surprised my husband in the little room beyond the dispensary on the first night of my arrival at Overton.

"Why," I asked myself, "did Robert never allude to the names of any friends or neighbors, or hint at my finding associates in the ladies of the neighborhood? Where did he spend all the long winter afternoons? Surely he could not be always engaged in visiting the sick! Why did he never return to the house by the same road he left it? Why was the front-room adjoining my own always kept locked, and never entered, to my knowledge, even by Mrs. Judson?

As I pondered over these and many even darker suspicions, I felt a growing reluctance to ask him about the past, and yet a curiosity which I knew would impel me to make inquiries in some other direction. This mixed feeling deepened as the time drew nigh for his return, and I listened nervously for the swinging of the gate that opened on the common, by the sound of which I generally knew of his arrival. It had always been my habit to rise and welcome him in the passage, greeting him with a wife's kiss; but this evening I was chained to the chair, and sat still, trying to suppress my agitation and to appear calm and natural. I had forgotten, till he entered the room, that I still wore my bonnet and cloak, and that he would remark on this unusual disregard of my evening change of dress.

"Little wife," he said, as he came in, "have you forgotten that you have a husband to welcome?"

He came forward into the fire-light as he spoke, and I rose to meet him.

"Why, your hair is quite damp," he said, as he smoothed my curls back from my face; "where have you been so late?"

I felt my color rising as I answered, "I have been to church."

"Church!" he repeated, looking at the clock on the mantel-piece, the hand of which pointed to a quarter to seven; "why, your service must have been a very long one, or you must have been very imprudent, sitting here till so late in your wet things!"

I was growing more and more uncomfortable. I hesitated, and then stammered out, "I returned Mrs. Piggott's visit after church."

Something in my manner made him look at me more narrowly. "What is the matter, Georgie?" he said.

"Why, Robert, I think I must have caught cold; and this damp dark evening makes me feel quite wretched."

"This is the last time, then," he said, "that you must go to church in the afternoon during the winter." Then, suddenly changing his tone to one of stern inquiry, "I have a perfect reliance on your truthfulness, and I require you to tell me on what subject Mrs. Piggott has been talking?"

I attempted to answer, but broke down, and began sobbing violently. He sat down and drew me gently toward him.

"Be calm, Georgie. Shall I guess what you have heard this evening?"

"Forgive me," I cried, "if I have done wrong. I have been tempted to ask questions about your poor little sister, but I have not heard any thing but that you lost her, and that she was unfortunate. I am so very, very sorry for you, my Robert. Will you not let your little wife try and comfort you? Will you not confide in me?"

The clock ticked on; the room was very silent. I could feel my husband's heart beating as I stood up and put my arm into his. His voice sounded thick and husky when he next spoke.

"There are some sorrows so very dark that even love can not lighten them. I am not angry with you, but you must tell me all. What led you to ask questions as to the past? I do not think Mrs. Piggott would have volunteered the information."

I shivered as I said, "I saw her name on a grave in the church-yard."

He struck his hand against his forehead as he murmured some indistinct words; then, relaxing his arm, he turned from me, bidding me go and change my dress; and as I reached the door he added, "I will try and let you know something of the miserable past since you wish it; but it will be a heavy burden for your poor little heart. I would fain have kept it from you. You have drawn it on yourself, and I can not help you to bear it; for—"

Here he broke off, laid his head down on his folded arms on the mantel-piece, and groaned heavily. I left the room in frightened silence, and tried, during the short interval till we met at dinner, to restore myself to my natural demeanor. The meal passed without any conversation between us. My husband was absorbed during the whole of the dinner, and seemed to pay attention to what was going on with difficulty. Simon stood behind his master, and looked as if he were keeping a silent watch on Robert. At length he left the room, and we were alone. My husband sat still at the table, leaning his head on his arm and shading his eyes from the lamp. At last, breaking the silence, which had grown oppressive, he said,

"Will you tell me, as briefly as possible, all that you have heard of my"—he stopped—"of Amy's death this evening?"

I trembled, but knowing how he disliked outward signs of nervous weakness, I repeated word for word Mrs. Piggott's replies to my questions. When I came to her leaving the room to seek her son, he held his breath and looked up fiercely. I went on, and with a faltering voice mentioned Mr. Piggott's refusal to tell me any particulars, and his injunction to ask my husband, and him only, for the history of his sister and her sorrowful end. He rose and began to pace the room with an impatient and angry air, his usual sign of annoyance or disquietude. I sat still, grieved and frightened; for though I was a mere girl, I quite understood how galling it must be to his pride for one of his own sex to have thus spoken of him to me. His face grew darker, more suspicious, more wretched. He continued to pace backward and forward, uttering expressions of dislike and contempt, which I felt must be leveled at the lawyer.

"Meddling hypocrite!" he said at last. "Couldn't he have left me this one comfort in my blighted life? How dared he speak thus to my wife!"

"Robert," I said, "he never blamed you; he only counseled me to ask for your confidence—"

He broke in: "I can not discuss this subject to-night. Give me time to collect myself. I am too hurt and grieved to talk more to you now. I will consider in what way to tell you what you desire to know. This home will be darkened by the knowledge; but it is too late—let the cloud fall."

I went up to him and kissed his hand, but he was not softened; he withdrew it coldly and turned away. Most miserable did I feel as I went slowly up stairs to my own room. I sat down by the window, lifted the blind, and gazed out. It was little more than a month since I had entered the house as a bride, and I felt as if my future life had suddenly changed and become dimmed by strange shapeless fears and forebodings. While I thus lingered Mrs. Judson came into the room. She was not in the habit of attending me at night, and I was surprised by her sudden entrance. I noticed an unusually sad and weary look upon her face, and that her eyes were red with crying.

She lowered her voice as she came up beside me, took my hand in both hers, and said, pityingly, "Do not read this to-night, dear mistress; but I have no choice, and must give it to you. Dr. Connor has sent it up, and desires that when you have read it you will never speak of the subject again either to himself or to any one else. He sends you his love, but is too much distressed to see you again to-night." She placed on the table a lage sealed envelope, and, with a look of sad meaning, said, "Good-night, and may you rest well; but do not, do not open this to-night. You are worn out. Pray for God's blessing, and go to your bed; you are over young for so much trouble."

The door closed on her pale warning face. I was stricken to my heart with a cold fear. What might this envelope contain? I was unable to restrain my hand a moment. I sprang to the table, tore it open, and saw a worn-looking country newspaper folded and refolded to suit the cover. Inside was written in my husband's hand, but in wavering characters, unlike his ordinary writing, "Read it, and burn it."

"Read what?" I asked myself, as I tremblingly unfolded it. Two black crosses in ink marked two separate articles. I sat down by the flickering fire; it was nearly out. The night was bitterly cold. A low sobbing wind wailed without in sympathy with my own sorrowful heart. I placed my candle on a table beside me, lifted up a supplication for strength to bear all I should read within it, and opened the paper.

The newspaper was dated December 23, 1844. It was a copy of the Ambledon *Courier*, a weekly paper which my husband took in, and from which I had sometimes noticed that portions were carefully cut out before it was placed on my table. I read the shorter of the articles first. It was headed, "Melancholy Suicide of Miss Amy Connor, at the Moor House, Overton. On Friday night last, December 17, as Dr. Connor was returning from Ambledon about midnight, he was met by his sister, Miss Connor, on the high-road between the turnpike and the second mile-stone from the town. The unhappy lady had only strength to stagger forward and fall on the step of the gig in which the doctor sat. He raised her, placed her beside him, and drove rapidly home. On arriving at his own door, about half a mile distant from the spot where he had met her, it was found that she had ceased to breathe. She was lifted out by her brother and by his two servants, Simon and Martha Judson, and placed on a couch in the sitting-room. Every means were used to restore animation, but it was apparent that the unfortunate young lady had died from the effect of a large dose of tincture of aconite, as a small phial, half emptied, was found tightly grasped in her right hand. The body awaits the inspection of the coroner and magistrates. Farther particulars will be given when the inquest has been held."

Years have passed since I read the dreadful words of this brief announcement, but they have remained stamped on the very substance of my brain. The longer article contained the particulars of the inquest. I can not remember the sequence of the events, but I gathered that Archibald Piggott was the coroner; that my husband was the first witness called; that he led the way to the ordinary sitting-room (ah, Heaven, our little home-room which I had so loved and rejoiced in!); that the body of his sister lay in rigid stillness, robed in a loose white robe, on the couch; on her head a torn veil, with pieces of bramble entangled in it (that veil, had I not seen it when I interrupted my husband in the inner room?); in her right hand the fatal phial. The face was calm, the lips slightly parted and quite blue. I went on reading with strained and burning eyes. I seemed to see it all before me! My husband was asked many and searching questions. He was cross-examined by the coroner, and it was plain that dark suspicions were in Mr. Piggott's mind (which perhaps, I shuddered to think, were still there). But Dr. Connor's answers were perfectly satisfactory, and his deep grief and horror were most evident to all. He stated that Miss Connor had been insane for three years past; that he was her only natural guardian and protector; and that he had devoted himself to her, and placed with her, as her attendant by night and day, an old and faithful servant, Martha Judson, who was passionately attached to the deceased. He said that his sister had never shown any suicidal impulses; that she was perfectly quiet, but invariably depressed, and, as is usual with the insane, could not bear to see himself, her nearest relative, as she associated him with one who had broken his faith to her, and whose ill-usage had led to her insanity.

On the night of the 17th he stated that he met her on the Ambledon Road, and saw at once she must have drunk the deadly drug at the moment when she saw the gig pass, as she expired even before he could raise her from the step. The quantity of aconite she had taken, he said, would cause death in sixty or eighty seconds. He had left the phial in Simon Judson's care, as it was to be carried to the infirmary early on the following morning. It had "Poison—for external use only" written on it in large letters.

Simon Judson was called. He confirmed the last statement, and said he had placed the bottle in his hat on a table in the hall, that he might remember his master's message about it in the morning. He had never seen it again until he saw it in Miss Connor's hand when he helped to lift her out of the gig.

Martha Judson was then summoned. She was in an agony of distress, and rushed forward to the sofa, throwing herself on the body, from which she could with difficulty be separated. She was hardly able to answer the questions which were strictly insisted on by the coroner, especially as to the time she left Miss Connor on the previous evening, but at length she gave the following evidence: That she had undressed the young lady, and that she had seen her safely in bed, as usual, between nine and ten o'clock; that she had not noticed any excitement in her; that, on the contrary, she was more submissive than ordinary, and lay down more quickly than was her habit. The outer door of her room opened on the landing, and this was always locked at night. Mrs. Judson slept in the room with Miss Connor, in a separate bed. She generally retired to rest herself at eleven, but on this night she had staid talking to her husband till past midnight, when, as she was preparing to go up stairs, she heard the gig stop, and ran out into the hall. As she did so she saw that the hall door was ajar. It flashed on her that Miss Connor must have stolen out, and she remembered with remorse that she had not locked the outer door of the bedroom when she had left her more than two hours before. In another moment she knew that it was all over, and that her young mistress, as she called her, was dead. She sobbed out over and over, "And it was by my hand, for it was I who was her nurse, and who loved her, and yet I left her—I left her to wander out and die on the high-road."

The poor woman was removed from the room, and the verdict was returned, "That Miss Connor had died from the effects of poison by aconite, taken under an access of insanity."

Dr. Connor was severely blamed for leaving so deadly a poison in a servant's hands under the roof with an insane person without a strict injunction to keep it under lock and key, and a note was added by the editor, stating that it was feared the above sad circumstances would lead to Dr. Connor's departure from Overton, as he had expressed himself as deeply offended by the manner in which the inquiry had been conducted.

Twice did I read this bald newspaper statement of the terrible tragedy which had been acted out under our miserable roof; then I rose, and tearing it into atoms, set fire to it, and watched till every quivering spark was black and dead. I dared not think over the facts. My head was hot; my heart was throbbing; my thoughts were confused. I would pray—I would wait—I would be patient. Thus did I lie down alone for the first time in my altered home.

CHAPTER V.

THE SUMMONS.

The slow hours dragged on heavily. Under the happiest circumstances the closing days of November are generally marked by outward gloom. What these days were to me under the conflict of feeling through which I was passing can never be described. It was a bitter trial that, fight with them as I would, I could not keep down the rising doubts of my husband's truth and honor. Fain would I have trusted him as before, and each day when he was absent from me I endeavored to school myself into the old confidence I used to feel; but with the return of the evening, as the shadows fell upon the landscape, even so fell the shadow of a great doubt across my own soul. It was with an effort now that I met him with a smiling face, and I soon saw that he knew it was such. The conversations we used to hold together grew more constrained each day, and at length he would take his reading-lamp and book directly after dinner, and leave me to myself. Every day I determined that I would speak and break this spell of cold silence, and every day found me with a more fearful and sinking heart. And thus November closed, and the shortening days and wintry skies seemed to sympathize with the deepening obscurity over my own life.

One afternoon I determined to explore the moor by which my husband always returned home. I had usually confined my walks to the high-road between our house and Overton, instinctively shrinking from the barren bleak track that bounded the garden. Pushing open the gate at the end of the gravel-walk, I found myself at once upon the moor. A few cold white clouds hung in the gray sky; the ground was covered with a coarse marshy grass, and here and there stunted gorse and blackberry bushes heightened rather than relieved its desolate appearance. There was a track of wheels across it, but no actual road, and I judged that this must be the mark of my husband's gig, and that I should be right in keeping to it. I walked musingly on, and soon found that the moor was larger in extent than I had thought, for I must have gone at least two miles before I reached the Ambledon Road, which crossed it. The short day did not allow of my going farther, and I began to retrace my steps by the high-road, expecting it to be a more cheerful though perhaps a longer way home; but to my surprise I found myself at my own door in less than half the time I had taken to walk over the moor. I understood now why my husband chose the moor road by night, though it was the longest and roughest, rather than pass the spot haunted by so fatal a memory. Pity took possession of me as I thought what his state of mind must be, and I resolved to throw off the kind of nightmare fancies with which I was tormented, and try to be again the sunshine of his home. I ran up stairs, and put on a white dress with bright ribbons, took pains with my hair, endeavoring to look like the happy wife he used to praise and admire. I made the room as cheerful as possible, piling on wood and lighting the lamp, and then stationed myself by the window to watch for his coming.

The gate was soon swung back, and I saw his tall figure coming up the path. Simon always met him at the gate to take the horse and gig to the stable, while he entered the house through the garden. I ran out to welcome him joyfully. He scarcely answered, but I saw by his face that he was pleased. I took studious care in no way to revert to the estrangement that had lately come between us, and though I could see how surprised he was at my manner, I knew he was gladdened by it; and when dinner was over, to

my delight he remained in the room, and, seating himself by me, took my hand and said,

"Now, Georgie, have you any thing you would like to ask me?"

I felt that I blushed, but I could not reply, as I knew that there was a host of questions I longed to put to him. He did not give me time to speak, but continued:

"Do not think, child" (I knew he had forgiven me by that kind word), "that I have not read very clearly what has been in your heart during the last fortnight. You have been struggling with many unworthy thoughts of your husband, but to-night you are more like your old self, and if it will please you I will tell you something of my earlier life."

I murmured that I did not wish him to do this if it pained him, though all the while I was longing to hear his story.

"Don't flatter yourself that you mean me to tell you at your word," he said; "no, I will tell you a part of my story that will at least prove the confidence I have in your generous nature. How old are you, child?"

"Why, Robert, you know, only nineteen."

"And I am thirty-five, and from that fact you may guess at once that you are not the only one I have loved."

My foolish heart beat wildly as he said this, and with an impulse I could not resist, I cried,

"Is she alive now?"

"No, she died more than a year before I saw your face; and shall I tell you why I loved it? It was because it wore the same innocent yet proud dignity that rested on the face of my dead love."

"May I know her name?"

He remained silent several moments, and then said, "Yes; it shall not be a half confidence; you shall know it presently. I was not always a doctor;" he said this with a sort of ironical contempt; "ten years ago you would not have believed that the gay Captain Connor of the 30th could have become the grave sallow man who sits beside you."

"Were you really in the army, Robert? Why did you leave it?"

"That involves a long story, but you must have it, I suppose; it will not give you a higher opinion of your husband."

He went on, with frequent hesitation and evident effort, as if choosing his words and weighing their force and meaning:

"Well, I was extravagant and rash. I had talents, and might have made my father happy. He was a physician, and was most desirous I should study medicine, and follow the same profession. As long as he lived I obeyed him; but my willful spirit never bent itself in earnest to my duty. I had no mother; she had died long years before; and when my father's sudden death released me, as I deemed, from the observance of his wishes, I found myself in possession of an ample fortune, and at once entered a fashionable regiment. Here, probably, I should have made shipwreck of character and fortune had it not been for the major of the regiment, who became my best friend, and under whose influence I ought to have grown into a worthier man. But he left about two years after I had joined, and I only saw him at intervals, when I spent my long leave at his castle."

My husband stopped for a moment, as if to consider. Then:

"I may as well tell you that this man is Lord Carwithen, and the friendship I have spoken of is as strong as ever. Some day you shall know him, and you will learn to regard him as I do. On my second visit to his old home I found his sister, who had been educated abroad, had come back to take her place as mistress of the castle. Carwithen and Lady Olive Mayne were orphans, and they seemed to live for each other. This girl might have been your sister; she had your hair, your voice, and tender, beseeching eyes. At the close of my stay my friend asked me to apply for a longer leave. He wished me to know his sister better, he said. Too gladly I remained; too absorbed I soon became in a deeper sentiment than I had yet felt for woman. It was winter, and after returning from shooting I used to find her in the drawing-room by the fire-light. She had a voice that bound me with a magical spell to her side—tender and exquisitely musical; and soon we began to talk of graver themes than are usually discussed between officers and young ladies. She was one of those who ennoble one's nature the nearer one draws to them. I began to be ashamed of my worthless life; and when I left and looked back on the old Norman pile, which seemed to frown on my hopeless love and stamp the distance between its owners and myself, I vowed I would never return, but break off at once and forever from the strong temptation of her presence. I had neither ancestry nor position. My extravagant habits had nearly exhausted my fortune, and I knew I should soon be reduced to a captain's pay. How could such as I lift my eyes to Lady Olive? A year went by. My friend and his sister went to Germany, and we ceased to correspond. Suddenly I met him in the autumn of the following year. He treated me with unchanged cordiality, gave me a hearty invitation to spend Christmas at Carwithen, and accused me of cutting him and treating him with unkind neglect. I refused the invitation, and spoke coldly and repellingly. 'Connor,' he said, 'I insist on knowing what you mean by this caprice?' I evaded his question for some time; but at last he drew the truth from me. Instead of treating my presumption with disdain, he wrung my hand warmly, and said, 'Connor, my best wishes would be fulfilled if I could see you Olive's husband.'

"I was breathless with astonishment; but can you blame me that I yielded and went down to the castle with him? It was in the last days of October that I saw her again; she was gentler and more beautiful than ever; graver, too, and showing more decided dislike of entering society. She went through all her duties as hostess with exquisite grace; but there was a languor and sadness at the end of every dinner or gay meeting, which showed how great a burden she felt it. The days went on, and I dreaded yet longed to tell her all. At length, urged by her brother, feeling the strongest doubt as to the issue, and knowing I was risking the happiness of my life on one cast, I spoke. I was met by the most decided, even peremptory, refusal. Unlike her usual self, she answered me with sternness, and let me know that her rejection was irrevocable. I did not wait to see Carwithen, but wrote a note, telling him of the ruin of my hopes, bidding him farewell, and praying him never to seek me again; and then left the castle, as I thought forever, an imbittered and almost desperate man. I took the step I had long contemplated, and sold out. I plunged at once into an obscure part of East London, returned to the pursuits of my youth, entered myself as a student again at Guy's Hospital, and strove in every way to cut off all ties with those who had known me in my military life. Seven weary years of disappointment and poverty passed by—years of misery. Let them be blotted out!"

He stopped, and almost groaned. I asked, faintly,

A RELIC OF THE PAST.

"Was it then you took your sister to live with you?"

He moved his head in assent, and seemed struggling with some strange feeling. Presently he went on:

"I could not have given her a home before. Martha Judson had been her nurse and servant, and when my father died she continued to live with her and take care of her. I can not speak of this; remember our compact. I have more to tell you of Olive. Shall I go on?"

I kissed his burning forehead, for my unfortunate question had brought back a wild look in his eyes, half suspicious, half remorseful; and I reproached myself for my persistency in reviving the forbidden subject. He pressed me to him, and at length went on, as if repeating a lesson:

"One wretched night, when I was returning from a more civilized part of the town than I was used to frequent, a friendly grasp was placed on my arm, and a voice rang in my ear with an old familiar charm: 'Connor, my dearest old fellow, where have you buried yourself so long? Come back to your old friends; we have tried to find you, and have felt that you treated us very ill, but we'll forgive you.' I stammered out that it was impossible; my circumstances were changed. I was no longer a fit associate for him. He interrupted me: 'No change of circumstances, no loss, except of honor, ought to shut you out from those who love you.' 'Love me!' I said, bitterly. 'You forget, my lord, the reason of my hasty flight from your house seven years ago, and yet I think I wrote plainly enough.' 'That is a mystery,' he said, 'which only one person can clear up. You had better, nay, you must, come and ask her yourself.' Again I repeated, 'It is impossible; you don't know what I am. I am a poor doctor, seeking for his daily bread by hard work.' Still he persisted, though he looked astonished, and drew me on in the direction he was walking. 'Listen to me,' he said; 'you know my unconventional ways—my Bohemianisms, if you like. I was never led by worldly maxims, and if that be madness, I am madder than ever. I desire nothing but happiness for Olive, and the poor child hasn't known what that means since you left us. You have been rash and willful, Connor, and have shown little knowledge of woman's nature thus to accept the first rebuff; but you were always too proud and sensitive. However, I insist on your seeing Olive again; she is too noble not to explain her own feelings if you seek to know them.' I felt as if I were walking on in a dream. Could it be? Was I indeed to see her and hear the melody of her voice again? The fascination was too strong, and without attempting farther resistance, I went home with my old friend. He took me into his library, and begged me to compose myself. He entreated me, if I loved him as of old, to give him my entire confidence."

My husband paused, and seemed to gasp for breath.

"His goodness was too much for my almost broken heart; it had been so long since I had heard a friend's voice or grasped a true hand. He listened to my brief and miserable story, of my hopelessness of taking a higher place in my profession, as I had no money, no patron, and little practice, even among trades-people. I wound up by asking, fiercely, 'And can you dream, my lord, of presenting an utterly ruined, hopeless man to your sister? Let me go back to my obscurity, and forget, for Heaven's sake, that you have ever known me, or think of me as the lost friend of your youth, for I am worse than dead to you and yours.' Lord Carwithen heard me patiently as I raved on in this bitter manner, but did not change his purpose. I can not tell you all his persuasions and arguments. At length, finding they had no effect upon me, and that I was impatient to go, he cried out, with strange anguish, 'Connor, Olive has not long to live! I have consulted physicians at home and abroad in vain. I have taken her to Madeira, to Egypt—every change, every means have been tried, but all is useless. My sister, my only beloved one, my guardian angel, is slowly dying of a cureless malady, for which, Connor, there is no name in science, for it is disappointed love.' I stared wildly at him. 'It is true,' he cried. 'It is too late; her life hangs on the slenderest thread, and yet, though it is too late to save her, you, and you only, Connor, could help to make the few weeks she has left on earth happy!' Do you think I could have torn myself away after this? What was I, wretched and unworthy, that I should thus have been honored with the love of so pure a being? I saw her again; my love became worship; and at last I learned, all too late, from her own gentle lips, the true reason of her rejection. A disease of the heart, which she had inherited from her mother, and which that mother had enjoined her to keep secret, had made her resolve to live unmarried, fearing she might transmit a hereditary curse to innocent offspring. Olive begged me still to keep this secret from her brother. She feared, poor child, that he might also think his own a doomed life, and might be led, as she had been, to pass it in cheerless celibacy, and leave no children to inherit his name. I did not dare to tell her that she had been the victim of a misguided judgment, and that under other circumstances she might have baffled the insidious disease, and been a happy wife and mother. I could not add to her sorrow by showing her that her sacrifice had been useless; but there was yet one blessing left me—one drop of consolation in the bitter cup which was my portion. My own researches in science had been directed peculiarly toward the palliation of heart complaint; and though hers was now of a hopeless character, I was enabled to alleviate her sufferings, and sustain the frame that was sinking, surely but slowly, into an early grave. I kept her sad secret from my friend; and when he found his Olive for a time wonderfully restored, that she could once more sing to him and join him in his drives, he could not believe that death was approaching, and reiterated his desire that I should become her husband. It was with difficulty that I persuaded him to dismiss this dream. And it was only by accepting the office of domestic physician, and taking up my abode under his roof, that I could entirely turn him from the idea. It would have been profanation to act on it. She was sealed for heaven, and day by day her beauty grew more spiritual and her mind more heavenly. We came down together to the old home for which she sighed, and there Olive's sweet life gradually ebbed out; and when the autumn leaves were falling she died, and was laid in the vault under the private chapel of the castle."

He stopped abruptly, and covered his face with his hands. Why was it that, as his mournful story ended, I thought, with a quick dart of pain, of the obscure grave in Overton church-yard? Sad as Lady Olive's fate had been, what was it but peace and rest compared to the tragic end of Amy Connor? Even at this instant, when my heart ached with sympathy, I knew and felt that he was hiding some lower depth of woe and shame in his past life; but I struggled against this conviction, and threw myself on my husband's breast, while I told him, weeping, that I would give my life and heart to soothe and comfort him. I reproached myself for past coldness, and implored his forgiveness. He returned my embrace warmly, and told me that better days were coming. "Only love and trust me," he said, "and all shall be well. Carwithen has begged me to leave this place, and, treating me as he ever has, with a brother's confidence, has settled that we shall go to Nice with him after Christmas, and has persuaded me to arrange with a successor, and give up my practice to him at once. Ever since you pressed me to tell you my sorrows I have been striving to take you out of this woful house; but your coldness chilled me and kept me silent. It is over now. Let us look forward to a bright future in a new land."

We sat late that evening by our fireside. Never had I been so happy; never had I seen my husband so brilliant and fascinating. He gave me sketches of his adventures among the London poor, humorous and pathetic, and I sat with eyes riveted on his face as it reflected a hundred varying feelings, touched with tenderness or glowing with indignation, as he dilated on the wrongs and sufferings of the neglected dwellers in the cellars and garrets of East London.

That winter night was not to close without a singular change in the impression which it stamped on my memory forever. How long I had slept I know not. It had been a happy, dreamless sleep; I had not known so calm a one for many troubled nights. Suddenly I awoke; in one instant I was perfectly and vividly awake; a woman's voice, with a wailing accent, had uttered the name of "Robert Connor." It seemed to be close to the bed, close to my husband's ear, as he lay with head thrown back on the pillow, and the night light casting wavering shadows on his face. My heart beat as if it would break, and as I sat up and tried to quiet my excited nerves I became conscious of a chill, damp and heavy as the dews of the grave, which struck to my very heart and made my teeth chatter. The fire was still burning, and there was no evident reason for this death-like cold; but it was no fancy, for, turning shudderingly to awake my husband, I saw with terror that he too was trembling, and that a cold sweat was breaking out on his brow. His features were convulsed, and, with half-parted lips, he seemed intently listening, his eyes but half closed, and I saw that he was bound by some vision of the night. With an awe I could not conquer, I listened for his utterance. He raised his hand twice, as if to keep back some figure from his side; his agony seemed to gather strength; he struggled to speak, and at last, rais-

ing his head from the pillow, he said, in tones so thick with horror that I could scarcely have believed them to be his,

"Amy, I will be there; the letter shall be given. I will be there, I will be there!"

Three times, in choking accents and at a few moments' interval, he reiterated the promise; and then, with a long-drawn groan of misery, he sank back, and his face assumed the profound quiet of one but newly dead.

I was filled with superstitious fear; but I could not speak. I had learned some farther revelation of the buried secret—that sleep and night could not hide this woe and guilt, for guilt and woe they must be to force out this cry from his soul. I tried to pray for him and for myself; but a weight was on my brain, and no thought of heaven came, nor any idea but one—that Amy Connor's spirit had been near us in that room, and had summoned her brother to meet her. When would that dread meeting be? As I tried to quiet my still shuddering frame and lie down again, the church clock of Overton tolled one. I remembered that in another week the anniversary of Amy's death would come round, and I knew that the crisis of my fate was drawing near. O night of unspeakable horror! How the long hours passed I know not. I dared not meet Robert's eye when the morning came, so pleaded headache, and begged that the room might be darkened, and that I might be left alone. I heard the door close behind him; then yielding to the suppressed feeling with which I had fought all night, I sank back in a hysteric agony of tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(Continued from No. 891, page 95.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

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CHAPTER LXXIII.

PHINEAS FINN RETURNS TO HIS DUTIES.

THE election at Tankerville took place during the last week in July, and as Parliament was doomed to sit that year as late as the 10th of August, there was ample time for Phineas to present himself and take the oaths before the session was finished. He had calculated that this could hardly be so when the matter of re-election was first proposed to him, and had hoped that his re-appearance might be deferred till the following year. But there he was, once more member for Tankerville, while yet there was nearly a fortnight's work to be done, pressed by his friends, and told by one or two of those whom he most trusted that he would neglect his duty and show himself to be a coward if he abstained from taking his place.

"Coward is a hard word," he said to Mr. Low, who had used it.

"So men think when this or that man is accused of running away in battle or the like. Nobody will charge you with cowardice of that kind. But there is moral cowardice as well as physical."

"As when a man lies. I am telling no lie."

"But you are afraid to meet the eyes of your fellow-creatures."

"Yes, I am. You may call me a coward if you like. What matters the name if the charge be true? I have been so treated that I am afraid to meet the eyes of my fellow-creatures. I am like a man who has had his knees broken or his arms cut off. Of course I can not be the same afterward as I was before."

Mr. Low said a great deal more to him on the subject, and all that Mr. Low said was true; but he was somewhat rough, and did not succeed. Barrington Erle and Lord Cantrip also tried their eloquence upon him; but it was Mr. Monk who at last drew from him a promise that he would go down to the House and be sworn in early on a certain Tuesday afternoon. "I am quite sure of this," Mr. Monk had said, "that the sooner you do it the less will be the annoyance. Indeed, there will be no trouble in the doing of it. The trouble is all in the anticipation, and is therefore only increased and prolonged by delay." "Of course it is your duty to go at once," Mr. Monk had said again, when his friend argued that he had never undertaken to sit before the expiration of Parliament. "You did consent to be put in nomination, and you owe your immediate services just as does any other member."

"If a man's grandmother dies he is held to be exempted."

"But your grandmother has not died, and your sorrow is not of the kind that requires, or is supposed to require, retirement."

He gave way at last, and on the Tuesday afternoon Mr. Monk called for him at Mrs. Bunce's house, and went down with him to Westminster. They reached their destination somewhat too soon, and walked the length of Westminster Hall two or three times while Phineas tried to justify himself. "I don't think," said he, "that Low quite understands my position when he calls me a coward."

"I am sure, Phineas, he did not mean to do that."

"Do not suppose that I am angry with him. I owe him a great deal too much for that. He is one of the few friends I have who are entitled to say to me just what they please. But I think he mistakes the matter. When a man becomes crooked from age, it is no good telling him to be straight. He'd be straight if he could. A man can't eat his dinner with a diseased liver as he could when he was well."

"But he may follow advice as to getting his liver in order again."

"And so am I following advice. But Low seems to think the disease shouldn't be there. The disease is there, and I can't banish it by simply saying that it is not there. If they had hung me outright, it would be almost as reasonable to come and tell me afterward to shake myself and be again alive. I don't think that Low realizes what it is to stand in the dock for a week together, with the eyes of all men fixed on you, and a conviction at your heart that every one there believes you to have been guilty of an abominable crime of which you know yourself to have been innocent. For weeks I lived under the belief that I was to be made away with by the hangman, and to leave behind me a name that would make every one who has known me shudder."

"God in His mercy has delivered you from that."

"He has—and I am thankful. But my back is not strong enough to bear the weight without bending under it. Did you see Ratler going in? There is a man I dread. He is intimate enough with me to congratulate me, but not friend enough to abstain, and he will be sure to say something about his murdered colleague. Very well; I'll follow you. Go up rather quick, and I'll come close after you." Whereupon Mr. Monk entered between the two lamp-posts in the hall, and hurrying along the passages, soon found himself at the door of the House. Phineas, with an effort at composure, and a smile that was almost ghastly at the door-keeper, who greeted him with some muttered word of recognition, held on his way close behind his friend, and walked up the

"'YES, THERE SHE IS,' SAID THE DUCHESS, LAUGHING."

House hardly conscious that the benches on each side were empty. There were not a dozen members present, and the Speaker had not as yet taken the chair. Mr. Monk stood by him while he took the oath, and in two minutes he was on a back seat below the gangway, with his friend by him, while the members, in slowly increasing numbers, took their seats. Then there were prayers, and as yet not a single man had spoken to him. As soon as the doors were again open gentlemen streamed in, and some few whom Phineas knew well came and sat near him. One or two shook hands with him, but no one said a word to him of the trial. No one at least did so in this early stage of the day's proceedings, and after half an hour he almost ceased to be afraid.

Then came up an irregular debate on the great Church question of the day, as to which there had been no cessation of the badgering with which Mr. Gresham had been attacked since he came into office. He had thrown out Mr. Daubeny by opposing that gentleman's stupendous measure for disestablishing the Church of England altogether, although—as was almost daily asserted by Mr. Daubeny and his friends—he was himself in favor of such total disestablishment. Over and over again Mr. Gresham had acknowledged that he was in favor of disestablishment, protesting that he had opposed Mr. Daubeny's bill without any reference to its merits—solely on the ground that such a measure should not be accepted from such a quarter. He had been stout enough, and, as his enemies had said, insolent enough, in making these assurances. But still he was accused of keeping his own hand dark, and of omitting to say what bill he would himself propose to bring in respecting the Church in the next session. It was essentially necessary—so said Mr. Daubeny and his friends—that the country should know and discuss the proposed measure during the vacation. There was, of course, a good deal of retaliation. Mr. Daubeny had not given the country, or even his own party, much time to discuss his Church Bill. Mr. Gresham assured Mr. Daubeny that he would not feel himself equal to producing a measure that should change the religious position of every individual in the country, and annihilate the traditions and systems of centuries, altogether complete out of his own unaided brain; and he went on to say that were he to do so, he did not think that he should find himself supported in such an effort by the friends with whom he usually worked. On this occasion he declared that the magnitude of the subject, and the immense importance of the interests concerned, forbade him to anticipate the passing of any measure of general Church Reform in the next session. He was undoubtedly in favor of Church Reform, but was by no means sure that the question was one which required immediate settlement. Of this he was sure—that nothing in the way of legislative indiscretion could be so injurious to the country as any attempt at a hasty and ill-considered measure on this most momentous of all questions.

The debate was irregular, as it originated with a question asked by one of Mr. Daubeny's supporters, but it was allowed to proceed for a while. In answer to Mr. Gresham, Mr. Daubeny himself spoke, accusing Mr. Gresham of almost every known Parliamentary vice in having talked of a measure coming, like Minerva, from his, Mr. Daubeny's, own brain. The plain and simple words by which such an accusation might naturally be refuted would be unparliamentary, but it would not be unparliamentary to say that it was reckless, unfounded, absurd, monstrous, and incredible. Then there were various very spirited references to Church matters, which concern us chiefly because Mr. Daubeny congratulated the House upon seeing a Roman Catholic gentleman with whom they were all well acquainted, and whose presence in that House was desired by each side alike, again take his seat for an English borough. And he hoped that he might at the same time take the liberty of congratulating that gentleman on the courage and manly dignity with which he had endured the unexampled hardships of the cruel position in which he had been placed by an untoward combination of circumstances. It was thought that Mr. Daubeny did the thing very well, and that he was right in doing it; but during the doing of it poor Phineas winced in agony. Of course every member was looking at him, and every stranger in the galleries. He did not know at the moment whether it behooved him to rise and make some gesture to the House, or to say a word, or to keep his seat and make no sign. There was a general hum of approval, and the Prime Minister turned round and bowed graciously to the newly sworn member. As he said afterward, it was just this which he had feared. But there must surely have been something of consolation in the general respect with which he was treated. At the moment he behaved with natural instinctive dignity, though himself doubting the propriety of his own conduct. He said not a word, and made no sign, but sat with his eyes fixed upon the member from whom the compliment had come. Mr. Daubeny went on with his tirade, and was called violently to order. The Speaker declared that the whole debate had been irregular, but had been allowed by him in deference to what seemed to be the general will of the House. Then the two leaders of the two parties composed themselves, throwing off their indignation while they covered themselves well up with their hats; and, in accordance with the order of the day, an honourable member rose to propose a pet measure of his own for preventing the adulteration of beer by the publicans. He had made a calculation that the annual average mortality of England would be reduced one and a half per cent., or, in other words, that every English subject born would live seven months longer if the action of the Legislature could provide that the publicans should sell the beer as it came from the brewers. Immediately there was such a rush of members to the door that not a word said by the philanthropic would-be purifier of the national beverage could be heard. The quarrels of rival Ministers were dear to the House, and as long as they could be continued the benches were crowded by gentlemen inthralled by the interest of the occasion. But to sink from that to private legislation about beer was to fall into a bathos which gentlemen could not endure; and so the House was emptied, and at about half past seven there was a count out. That gentleman whose statistics had been procured with so much care, and who had been at work for the last twelve months on his effort to prolong the lives of his fellow-countrymen, was almost broken-hearted. But he knew the world too well to complain. He would try again next year, if by dint of energetic perseverance he could procure a day.

Mr. Monk and Phineas Finn, behaving no better than the others, slipped out in the crowd. It had, indeed, been arranged that they should leave the House early, so that they might dine together at Mr. Monk's house. Though Phineas had been released from his prison now for nearly a month, he had not as yet once dined out of his own rooms. He had not been inside a club, and hardly ventured during the day into the streets about Pall Mall and Piccadilly. He had been frequently to Portman Square, but had not even seen Madame Goesler. Now he was to dine out for the first time; but there was to be no guest but himself.

"It wasn't so bad after all," said Mr. Monk, when they were seated together.

"At any rate it has been done."

"Yes—and there will be no doing of it over again. I don't like Mr. Daubeny, as you know; but he is happy at that kind of thing."

"I hate men who are what you call happy, but who are never in earnest," said Phineas.

"He was earnest enough, I thought."

"I don't mean about myself, Mr. Monk. I suppose he thought that it was suitable to the occasion that he should say something, and he said it neatly. But I hate men who can make capital out of occasions, who can be neat and appropriate at the spur of the moment—having, however, probably had the benefit of some forethought—but whose words never savor of truth. If I had happened to have been hung at this time—as was so probable—Mr. Daubeny would have devoted one of his half hours to the composition of a dozen tragic words which also would have been neat and appropriate. I can hear him say them now, warning young members around him to abstain from imbittered words against each other, and I feel sure that the funereal grace of such an occasion would have become him even better than the generosity of his congratulations."

"It is rather grim matter for joking, Phineas."

"Grim enough; but the grimness and the jokes are always running through my mind together. I used to spend hours in thinking what my dear friends would say about it when they found that I had been hung in mistake—how Sir Gregory Grogram would like it, and whether men would think about it as they went home from the Universe at night. I had various questions to ask and answer for myself—whether they would pull up my poor body, for instance, from what unhallowed ground is used for gallows corpses, and give it decent burial, placing 'M. P. for Tankerville' after my name on some more or less explicit tablet."

"Mr. Daubeny's speech was, perhaps, preferable on the whole."

"Perhaps it was—though I used to feel assured that the explicit tablet would be as clear to my eyes in purgatory as Mr. Daubeny's words have been to my ears this afternoon. I never for a moment doubted that the truth would be known before long, but did doubt so very much whether it would be known in time. I'll go home now, Mr. Monk, and endeavor to get the matter off my mind. I will resolve, at any rate, that nothing shall make me talk about it any more."

CHAPTER LXXIV.

AT MATCHING.

FOR about a week in the August heat of a hot summer Phineas attended Parliament with fair average punctuality, and then prepared for his journey down to Matching Priory. During that week he spoke no word to any one as to his past tribulation, and answered all allusions to it simply by a smile. He had determined to live exactly

as though there had been no such episode in his life as that trial at the Old Bailey, and in most respects he did so. During this week he dined at the club, and called at Madame Goesler's house in Park Lane—not, however, finding the lady at home. Once, and once only, did he break down. On the Wednesday evening he met Barrington Erle, and was asked by him to go to the Universe. At the moment he became very pale, but he at once said that he would go. Had Erle carried him off in a cab the adventure might have been successful; but as they walked, and as they went together through Clarges Street and Bolton Row and Curzon Street, and as the scenes which had been so frequently and so graphically described in court appeared before him one after another, his heart gave way, and he couldn't do it. "I know I'm a fool, Barrington; but, if you don't mind, I'll go home. Don't mind me, but just go on." Then he turned and walked home, passing through the passage in which the murder had been committed.

"I brought him as far as the next street," Barrington Erle said to one of their friends at the club, "but I couldn't get him in. I doubt if he'll ever be here again."

It was past six o'clock in the evening when he reached Matching Priory. The Duchess had especially assured him that a brougham should be waiting for him at the nearest station, and on arriving there he found that he had the brougham to himself. He had thought a great deal about it, and had endeavored to make his calculations. He knew that Madame Goesler would be at Matching, and it would be necessary that he should say something of his thankfulness at their first meeting. But how should he meet her, and in what way should he greet her when they met? Would any arrangement be made, or would all be left to chance? Should he go at once to his own chamber, so as to show himself first when dressed for dinner, or should he allow himself to be taken into any of the morning-rooms in which the other guests would be congregated? He had certainly not sufficiently considered the character of the Duchess when he imagined that she would allow these things to arrange themselves. She was one of those women whose minds are always engaged on such matters, and who are able to see how things will go. It must not be asserted of her that her delicacy was untainted, or her taste perfect; but she was clever—discreet in the midst of indiscretions—thoughtful, and good-natured. She had considered it all, arranged it all, and given her orders with accuracy. When Phineas entered the hall—the brougham with the luggage having been taken round to some back-door—he was at once ushered by a silent man in black into the little sitting-room on the ground-floor in which the old Duke used to take delight. Here he found two ladies—but only two ladies—waiting to receive him. The Duchess came forward to welcome him, while Madame Goesler remained in the background, with composed face, as though she by no means expected his arrival, and he had chanced to come upon them as she was standing by the window. He was thinking of her much more than of her companion, though he knew also how much he owed to the kindness of the Duchess. But what she had done for him had come from caprice, whereas the other had been instigated and guided by affection. He understood all that, and must have shown his feeling on his countenance. "Yes, there she is," said the Duchess, laughing. She had already told him that he was welcome to Matching, and had spoken some short word of congratulation at his safe deliverance from his troubles. "If ever one friend was grateful to another, you should be grateful to her, Mr. Finn." He did not speak, but walking across the room to the window by which Marie Goesler stood, took her right hand in his, and passing his left arm round her waist, kissed her first on one cheek and then on the other. The blood flew to her face and suffused her forehead, but she did not speak, or resist him, or make any effort to escape from his embrace. As for him, he had not thought of it at all. He had made no plan. No idea of kissing her when they should meet had occurred to him till the moment came. "Excellently well done," said the Duchess, still laughing with silent pleasant laughter. "And now tell us how you are after all your troubles."

He remained with them for half an hour, till the ladies went to dress, when he was handed over to some groom of the chambers to show him his room. "The Duke ought to be here to welcome you, of course," said the Duchess; "but you know official matters too well to expect a President of the Board of Trade to do his domestic duties. We dine at eight; five minutes before that time he will begin adding up his last row of figures for the day. You never added up rows of figures, I think. You only managed colonies." So they parted till dinner, and Phineas remembered how very little had been spoken by Madame Goesler, and how few of the words which he had spoken had been addressed to her. She had sat silent, smiling, radiant, very beautiful as he had thought, but contented to listen to her friend the Duchess. She, the Duchess, had asked questions of all sorts, and made many statements; and he had found that with those two women he could speak without discomfort, almost with pleasure, on subjects which he could not bear to have touched by men. "Of course you knew all along who killed the poor man," the Duchess had said. "We did—did we not, Marie?—just as well as if we had seen it. She was quite sure that he had got out of the house and back into it, and that he must have had a key. So she started off to Prague to find the key—and she found it. And we were quite sure, too, about the coat—weren't we? That poor blundering Lord Fawn couldn't explain himself, but we knew that the coat he saw was quite different from any coat you would wear in such weather. We discussed it all over so often—every point of it. Poor Lord Fawn! They say it has made quite an old man of him. And as for those policemen who didn't find the life-preserver, I only think that something ought to be done to them."

"I hope that nothing will ever be done to any body, Duchess."

"Not to the Reverend Mr. Emilius—poor dear Lady Eustace's Mr. Emilius? I do think that you ought to desire that an end should be put to his enterprising career! I'm sure I do." This was said while the attempt was still being made to trace the purchase of the bludgeon in Paris. "We've got Sir Gregory Grogram here on purpose to meet you, and you must fraternize with him immensely to show that you bear no grudge."

"He only did his duty."

"Exactly—though I think he was an addle-pated old ass not to see the thing more clearly. As you'll be coming into the Government before long, we thought that things had better be made straight between you and Sir Gregory. I wonder how it was that nobody but women did see it clearly? Look at that delightful woman, Mrs. Bunce. You must bring Mrs. Bunce to me some day—or take me to her."

"Lord Chiltern saw it clearly enough," said Phineas.

"My dear Mr. Finn, Lord Chiltern is the best fellow in the world, but he has only one idea. He was quite sure of your innocence because you ride to hounds. If it had been found possible to accuse poor Mr. Fothergill, he would have been as certain that Mr. Fothergill committed the murder, because Mr. Fothergill thinks more of his shooting. However, Lord Chiltern is to be here in a day or two, and I mean to go absolutely down on my knees to him—and all for your sake. If foxes can be had, he shall have foxes. We must go and dress now, Mr. Finn, and I'll ring for somebody to show you your room."

Phineas, as soon as he was alone, thought not of what the Duchess had said, but of the manner in which he had greeted his friend Madame Goesler. As he remembered what he had done, he also blushed. Had she been angry with him, and intended to show her anger by her silence? And why had he done it? What had he meant? He was quite sure that she would not have given those kisses had he and Madame Goesler been alone in the room together. The Duchess had applauded him—but yet he thought that he regretted it. There had been matters between him and Marie Goesler of which he was quite sure that the Duchess knew nothing.

When he went down stairs he found a crowd in the drawing-room, from among whom the Duke came forward to welcome him. "I am particularly happy to see you at Matching," said the Duke. "I wish we had shooting to offer you, but we are too far south for the grouse. That was a bitter passage of arms the other day, wasn't it? I am not fond of bitterness in debate myself, but I do regret the roughness of the House of Commons. I must confess that I do." The Duke did not say a word about the trial, and the Duke's guests followed their host's example.

The house was full of people, most of whom had before been known to Phineas, and many of whom had been asked specially to meet him. Lord and Lady Cantrip were there, and Mr. Monk, and Sir Gregory, his accuser, and the Home Secretary, Sir Harry Coldfoot, with his wife. Sir Harry had at one time been very keen about hanging our hero, and was now, of course, hot with reactionary zeal. To all those who had been in any way concerned in the prosecution the accidents by which Phineas had been enabled to escape had been almost as fortunate as to Phineas himself. Sir Gregory himself quite felt that had he prosecuted an innocent and very popular young member of Parliament to the death, he could never afterward have hoped to wear his ermine in comfort. Barrington Erle was there, of course, intending, however, to return to the duties of his office on the following day, and our old friend Laurence Fitzgibbon, with a newly married wife, a lady possessing a reputed fifty thousand pounds, by which it was hoped that the member for Mayo might be placed steadily upon his legs forever. And Adelaide Palliser was there also—the Duke's first cousin—on whose behalf the Duchess was anxious to be more than ordinarily good-natured. Mr. Maule, Adelaide's rejected lover, had dined on one occasion with the Duke and Duchess in London. There had been nothing remarkable at the dinner, and he had not at all understood why he had been asked. But when he took his leave the Duchess had told him that she would hope to see him at Matching. "We expect a friend of yours to be with us," the Duchess had said. He had afterward received a written invitation, and had accepted it; but he was not to reach Matching till the day after that on which Phineas arrived. Adelaide had been told of his coming only on this morning, and had been much flurried by the news. "But we have quarreled," she said. "Then the best thing you can do is to make it up again, my dear," said the Duchess. Miss Palliser was undoubtedly of that opinion herself, but she hardly believed that so terrible an evil as a quarrel with her lover could be composed by so rough a remedy as this. The Duchess, who had become used to all the disturbing excitements of life, and who didn't pay so much respect as some do to the niceties of a young lady's feelings, thought that it would be only necessary to bring the young people together again. If she could do that, and provide them with an income, of course they would marry. On the present occasion Phineas was told off to take Miss Palliser down to dinner. "You saw the Chilterns before they left town, I know," she said.

"Oh yes. I am constantly in Portman Square."

"Of course. Lady Laura has gone down to Scotland, has she not—and all alone?"

"She is alone now, I believe."

"How dreadful! I do not know any one that I pity so much as I do her. I was in the house with her for some time, and she gave me the idea of being the most unhappy woman I had ever met with. Don't you think that she is very unhappy?"

"She has had very much to make her so," said Phineas. "She was obliged to leave her husband because of the gloom of his insanity; and now she is a widow."

"I don't suppose she ever really—cared for him, did she?" The question was no sooner asked than the poor girl remembered the whole story which she had heard some time back—the rumor of the husband's jealousy and of the wife's love—and she became as red as fire, and unable to help herself. She could think of no word to say, and confessed her confusion by her sudden silence.

Phineas saw it all, and did his best for her. "I am sure she cared for him," he said, "though I do not think it was a well-assorted marriage. They had different ideas about religion, I fancy. So you saw the hunting in the Brake country to the end? How is our old friend Mr. Spooner?"

"Don't talk of him, Mr. Finn."

"I rather like Mr. Spooner; and as for hunting the country, I don't think Chiltern could get on without him. What a capital fellow your cousin the Duke is!"

"I hardly know him."

"He is such a gentleman—and, at the same time, the most abstract and the most concrete man that I know."

"Abstract and concrete!"

"You are bound to use adjectives of that sort now, Miss Palliser, if you mean to be any body in conversation."

"But how is my cousin concrete? He is always abstracted when I speak to him, I know."

"No Englishman whom I have met is so broadly and intuitively and unceremoniously imbued with the simplicity of the character of a gentleman. He could no more lie than he could eat grass."

"Is that abstract or concrete?"

"That's abstract. And I know no one who is so capable of throwing himself into one matter for the sake of accomplishing that one thing at a time. That's concrete." And so the red color faded away from poor Adelaide's face, and the unpleasantness was removed.

"What do you think of Laurence's wife?" Erle said to him late in the evening.

"I have only just seen her. The money is there, I suppose."

"The money is there, I believe; but then it will have to remain there. He can't touch it. There's about £2000 a year, which will have to go back to her family unless they have children."

"I suppose she's—forty?"

"Well, yes, or perhaps forty-five. You were locked up at the time, poor fellow, and had other things to think of; but all the interest we had for any thing beyond you through May and June was devoted to Laurence and his prospects. It was off and on, and on and off, and he was in a most wretched condition. At last she wouldn't consent unless she was to be asked here."

"And who managed it?"

"Laurence came and told it all to the Duchess, and she gave him the invitation at once."

"Who told you?"

"Not the Duchess—nor yet Laurence. So it may be untrue, you know; but I believe it. He did ask me whether he'd have to stand another election at his marriage. He has been going in and out of office so often, and always going back to the County Mayo at the expense of half a year's salary, that his mind had got confused, and he didn't quite know what did and what did not vacate his seat. We must all come to it sooner or later, I suppose, but the question is whether we could do better than an annuity of £2000 a year on the life of the lady. Office isn't very permanent; but one has not to attend the House above six months a year, while you can't get away from a wife much above a week at a time. It has crippled him in appearance very much, I think."

"A man always looks changed when he's married."

"I hope, Mr. Finn, that you owe me no grudge," said Sir Gregory, the Attorney-General.

"Not in the least; why should I?"

"It was a very painful duty that I had to perform—the most painful that ever befell me. I had no alternative but to do it, of course, and to do it in the hope of reaching the truth. But a counsel for the prosecution must always appear to the accused and his friends like a hound running down his game, and anxious for blood. The habitual and almost necessary acrimony of the defense creates acrimony in the attack. If you were accustomed as I am to criminal courts, you would observe this constantly. A gentleman gets up and declares in perfect faith that he is simply anxious to lay before the jury such evidence as has been placed in his hands. And he opens his case in that spirit. Then his witnesses are cross-examined with the affected incredulity and assumed indignation which the defending counsel is almost bound to use on behalf of his client, and he finds himself gradually imbued with pugnacity. He becomes strenuous, energetic, and perhaps eager for what must, after all, be regarded as success, and at last he fights for a verdict rather than for the truth."

"The judge, I suppose, ought to put all that right?"

"So he does—and it comes right. Our criminal practice does not sin on the side of severity. But a barrister employed on the prosecution should keep himself free from that personal desire for a verdict which must animate those engaged on the defense."

"Then I suppose you wanted to—hang me, Sir Gregory?"

"Certainly not. I wanted the truth. But you, in your position, must have regarded me as a blood-hound?"

"I did not. As far as I can analyze my own feelings, I entertained anger only against those who, though they knew me well, thought that I was guilty."

"You will allow me, at any rate, to shake hands with you," said Sir Gregory, "and to assure you that I should have lived a broken-hearted man if the truth had been known too late. As it is, I tremble and shake in my shoes as I walk about and think of what might have been done." Then Phineas gave his hand to Sir Gregory, and from that time forth was inclined to think well of Sir Gregory.

Throughout the whole evening he was unable to speak to Madame Goesler, but to the other people around him he found himself talking quite at his ease, as though nothing peculiar had happened to him. Almost every body, except the Duke, made some slight allusion to his adventure, and he, in spite of his resolution to the contrary, found himself driven to talk of it. It had seemed quite natural that Sir Gregory—who had in truth been eager for his condemnation, thinking him to have been guilty—should come to him and make peace with him by telling him of the nature of the work that had been imposed upon him; and when Sir Harry Coldfoot assured him that never in his life had his mind been relieved of so heavy a weight as when he received the information about the key, that also was natural. A few days ago he had thought that these allusions would kill him. The prospect of them had kept him a prisoner in his lodgings; but now he smiled and chatted, and was quiet and at ease.

"Good-night, Mr. Finn," the Duchess said to him; "I know the people have been boring you."

"Not in the least."

"I saw Sir Gregory at it, and I can guess what Sir Gregory was talking about."

"I like Sir Gregory, Duchess."

"That shows a very Christian disposition on your part. And then there was Sir Harry. I understood it all, but I could not hinder it. But it had to be done, hadn't it? And now there will be an end of it."

"Every body has treated me very well," said Phineas, almost in tears. "Some people have been so kind to me that I can not understand why it should have been so."

"Because some people are your very excellent good friends. We—that is, Marie and I, you know—thought it would be the best thing for you to come down and get through it all here. We could see that you weren't driven too hard. By-the-bye, you have hardly seen her, have you?"

"Hardly, since I was up stairs with your Grace."

"My Grace will manage better for you to-morrow. I didn't like to tell you to take her out to dinner, because it would have looked a little particular after her very remarkable journey to Prague. If you ain't grateful, you must be a wretch."

"But I am grateful."

"Well, we shall see. Good-night. You'll find a lot of men going to smoke somewhere, I don't doubt."

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE TRUMPETON FEUD IS SETTLED.

In these fine early autumn days spent at Matching the great Trumpeton Wood question was at last settled. During the summer considerable acerbity had been added to the matter by certain articles which had appeared in certain sporting papers, in which the new Duke of Omnium was accused of neglecting his duty to the county in which a portion of his property lay. The question was argued at considerable length. Is a landed proprietor bound, or is he not, to keep foxes for the amusement of his neighbors? To ordinary thinkers, to unprejudiced outsiders—to Americans, let us say, or Frenchmen—there does not seem to be room even for an argument. By what law of God or man can a man be bound to maintain a parcel of injurious vermin on his property, in the pursuit of which he finds no sport himself, and which are highly detrimental to another sport in which he takes, perhaps, the keenest interest? Trumpeton Wood was the Duke's own—to do just as he pleased with it. Why should foxes be demanded from him, then, any more than a bear to be baited, or a badger to be drawn, in, let us say, his London dining-room? But a good deal had been said, which, though not perhaps capable of convincing the unprejudiced American or Frenchman, had been regarded as cogent arguments to country-bred Englishmen. The Brake Hunt had been established for a great many years, and was the central attraction of a district well known for its hunting propensities. The preservation of foxes might be an open question in such counties as Norfolk and Suffolk, but could not be so in the Brake country. Many things are, no doubt, permissible under the law which, if done, would show the doer of them to be the enemy of his species—and this destruction of foxes in a hunting country may be named as one of them. The Duke might have his foxes destroyed if he pleased, but he could hardly do so and remain a popular magnate in England. If he chose to put himself in opposition to the desires and very instincts of the people among whom his property was situated, he must live as "a man forbid." That was the general argument, and then there was the argument special to this particular case. As it happened, Trumpeton Wood was, and always had been, the great nursery of foxes for that side of the Brake country. Gorse coverts make, no doubt, the charm of hunting, but gorse coverts will not hold foxes unless the woodlands be preserved. The fox is a traveling animal. Knowing well that "home-staying youths have ever homely wits," he goes out and sees the world. He is either born in the woodlands, or wanders thither in his early youth. If all foxes so wandering be doomed to death—if

poison, and wires, and traps, and hostile keepers await them there instead of the tender welcome of the loving fox-preserver, the gorse coverts will soon be empty, and the whole country will be afflicted with a wild dismay. All which Lord Chiltern understood well when he became so loud in his complaint against the Duke.

But our dear old friend, only the other day a duke, Planty Pall, as he was lately called, devoted to work and to Parliament, an unselfish, friendly, wise man, who by no means wanted other men to cut their coats according to his pattern, was the last man in England to put himself forward as the enemy of an established delight. He did not hunt himself—but neither did he shoot, or fish, or play cards. He recreated himself with blue-books, and speculations on Adam Smith had been his distraction; but he knew that he was himself peculiar, and he respected the habits of others. It had fallen out in this wise. As the old Duke had become very old, the old Duke's agent had gradually acquired more than an agent's proper influence in the property; and as the Duke's heir would not shoot himself, or pay attention to the shooting, and as the Duke would not let the shooting of his wood, Mr. Fothergill, the steward, had gradually become omnipotent. Now Mr. Fothergill was not a hunting man; but the mischief did not at all lie there. Lord Chiltern would not communicate with Mr. Fothergill. Lord Chiltern would write to the Duke, and Mr. Fothergill became an established enemy. Hinc illæ iræ. From this source sprung all those powerfully argued articles in *The Field*, *Bell's Life*, and *Land and Water*—for on this matter all the sporting papers were of one mind.

There is doubtless something absurd in the intensity of the worship paid to the fox by hunting communities. The animal becomes sacred, and his preservation is a religion. His irregular destruction is a profanity, and words spoken to his injury are blasphemous. Not long since a gentleman shot a fox running across a woodland ride in a hunting country. He had mistaken it for a hare, and had done the deed in the presence of keepers, owner, and friends. His feelings were so acute and his remorse so great that, in their pity, they all resolved to spare him; and then, on the spot, entered into a solemn compact that no one should be told. Encouraged by the forbearing tenderness, the unfortunate one ventured to return to the house of his friend, the owner of the wood, hoping that, in spite of the sacrilege committed, he might be able to face a world that would be ignorant of his crime. As the vulpecide, on the afternoon of the day of the deed, went along the corridor to his room, one maid-servant whispered to another, and the poor victim of an imperfect sight heard the words—"That's he as shot the fox!" The gentleman did not appear at dinner, nor was he ever again seen in those parts.

Mr. Fothergill had become angry. Lord Chiltern, as we know, had been very angry. And even the Duke was angry. The Duke was angry because Lord Chiltern had been violent; and Lord Chiltern had been violent because Mr. Fothergill's conduct had been, to his thinking, not only sacrilegious, but one continued course of willful sacrilege. It may be said of Lord Chiltern that in his eagerness as a Master of Hounds he had almost abandoned his own love of riding. To kill a certain number of foxes in the year, after the legitimate fashion, had become to him the one great study of life—and he did it with an energy equal to that which the Duke devoted to decimal coinage. His huntsman was always well mounted, with two horses; but Lord Chiltern would give up his own to the man, and take charge of a weary animal as a common groom, when he found that he might thus further the object of the day's sport. He worked as men work only at pleasure. He never missed a day, even when cub-hunting required that he should leave his bed at 3 A.M. He was constant at his kennel. He was always thinking about it. He devoted his life to the Brake hounds. And it was too much for him that such a one as Mr. Fothergill should be allowed to wire foxes in Trumpeton Wood! The Duke's property, indeed! Surely all that was understood in England by this time. Now he had consented to come to Matching, bringing his wife with him, in order that this matter might be settled. There had been a threat that he would give up the country in which it was declared that it would be impossible to carry on the Brake Hunt in a manner satisfactory to masters, subscribers, owners of coverts, or farmers, unless a different order of things should be made to prevail in regard to Trumpeton Wood.

The Duke, however, had declined to interfere personally. He had told his wife that he should be delighted to welcome Lord and Lady Chiltern—as he would any other friends of hers. The guests, indeed, at the Duke's house were never his guests, but always hers. But he could not allow himself to be brought into an argument with Lord Chiltern as to the management of his own property. The Duchess was made to understand that she must prevent any such awkwardness. And she did prevent it. "And now, Lord Chiltern," she said, "how about the foxes?" She had taken care that there should be a council of war around her. Lady Chiltern and Madame Goesler were present, and also Phineas Finn.

"Well, how about them?" said the lord, showing by the fiery eagerness of his eye and the increased redness of the face that though the matter had been introduced somewhat jocosely, there could not really be any joke about it.

"Why couldn't you keep it all out of the newspapers?"

"I don't write the newspapers, Duchess. I can't help the newspapers. When two hundred men ride through Trumpeton Wood, and see one fox found, and that fox with only three pads, of course the newspapers will say that the foxes are trapped."

"We may have traps if we like it, Lord Chiltern."

"Certainly; only say so, and we shall know where we are." He looked very angry, and poor Lady Chiltern was covered with dismay. "The Duke can destroy the hunt if he pleases, no doubt," said the lord.

"But we don't like traps, Lord Chiltern—nor yet poison, nor any thing that is wicked. I'd go and nurse the foxes myself if I knew how—wouldn't I, Marie?"

"They have robbed the Duchess of her sleep for the last six months," said Madame Goesler.

"And if they go on being not properly brought up and educated, they'll make an old woman of me. As for the Duke, he can't be comfortable in his arithmetic for thinking of them. But what can one do?"

"Change your keepers," said Lord Chiltern, energetically.

"It is easy to say—change your keepers. How am I to set about it? To whom can I apply to appoint others? Don't you know what vested interests mean, Lord Chiltern?"

"Then nobody can manage his own property as he pleases?"

"Nobody can—unless he does the work himself. If I were to go and live in Trumpeton Wood, I could do it; but you see I have to live here. I vote that we have an officer of State, to go in and out with the Government—with a seat in the Cabinet or not, according as things go—and that we call him Foxmaster-General. It would be just the thing for Mr. Finn."

"There would be a salary, of course," said Phineas.

"Then I suppose that nothing can be done," said Lord Chiltern.

"My dear Lord Chiltern, every thing has been done. Vested interests have been attended to. Keepers shall prefer foxes to pheasants, wires shall be unheard of, and Trumpeton Wood shall once again be the glory of the Brake Hunt. It won't cost the Duke above a thousand or two a year."

"I should be very sorry indeed to put the Duke to any unnecessary expense," said Lord Chiltern, solemnly, still fearing that the Duchess was only playing with him. It made him angry that he could not imbue other people with his idea of the seriousness of the amusement of a whole county.

"Do not think of it. We have pensioned poor Mr. Fothergill, and he retires from the administration."

"Then it'll be all right," said Lord Chiltern.

"I am so glad," said his wife.

"And so the great Mr. Fothergill falls from power, and goes down into obscurity," said Madame Goesler.

"He was an impudent old man, and that's the truth," said the Duchess; "and he has always been my thorough detestation. But if you only knew what I have gone through to get rid of him—and all on account of Trumpeton Wood—you'd send me every brush taken in the Brake country during the next season."

"Your Grace shall, at any rate, have one of them," said Lord Chiltern.

On the next day Lord and Lady Chiltern went back to Harrington Hall. When the end of August comes, a Master of Hounds—who is really a master—is wanted at home. Nothing short of an embassy on behalf of the great coverts of his country would have kept this Master away at present; and now, his diplomacy having succeeded, he hurried back to make the most of its results. Lady Chiltern, before she went, made a little speech to Phineas Finn.

"You'll come to us in the winter, Mr. Finn?"

"I should like."

"You must. No one was truer to you than we were, you know. Indeed, regarding you as we do, how should we not have been true? It was impossible to me that my old friend should have been—"

"Oh, Lady Chiltern!"

"Of course you'll come. You owe it to us to come. And may I say this? If there be any body to come with you, that will make it only so much the better. If it should be so, of course there will be letters written." To this question, however, Phineas Finn made no answer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

THE propensity to make the best of things is generally found in combination with those smaller virtues which are more annoying to one's neighbors than most vices. The man who rises at five every morning, who always ties up his letters with red tape, and who is convinced of the great truth that it is better to be half an hour too early than half a minute too late, is frequently given to making the best of things. The duty of doing so is a moral maxim just big enough for him to understand. He probably reflects upon it in the early morning at the time when his cold bath is bringing out the glow, physical and moral, which makes him an offense to all weaker vessels during the rest of the day. The ruddy, jovial person who gets himself up after the country gentleman type, or the more unctuous variety of popular preacher, is apt to be perspiring this doctrine at every pore. It is a pleasure to him to meet somebody in distress, upon whom he may discharge boisterous comfort through his favorite aphorism as a fire-engine sends cold water through a hose. If he acquires some dim consciousness of the fact that his kind exhortations sound like a bitter mockery to his victims, it only increases his sense of virtue. They can not comfort themselves under the loss of a wife by the reflection that they still have several first cousins, and money enough to pay for a handsome monument; that only proves that they have not studied so well as he the great art of properly directing their sentiments. For, of course, he will deny in the most pathetic manner that he would ever advise any thing like self-deceit. He does not avowedly ask a sufferer to profess that a toothache is rather a pleasant distraction than otherwise; he only recommends him to fix his attention upon his great toe, or some other remote part of his body which may appear to be enjoying good health. And, in fact, there are some people so enviably constituted that a small pleasant object elevates them more than a great unpleasant object depresses them. They are people, so to speak, of small specific gravity, who can not be submerged without a heavy burden of melancholy. The person who makes the best of things professes to be of this temperament. It is not, he would have you believe, that he does not sympathize with grief, but that his constitutional buoyancy makes sympathy in him compatible with exhilaration; he does not deny the existence of evils, but the smallest grain of good makes him happy, just as half a glass of wine makes some men drunk. There are, we say, such people as these—men, if we may coin a word, easily intoxicable. But we are inclined, as a rule, to a vehement suspicion in both cases: the man who is upset by the first glass has generally had a certain number of glasses before the first; and the man who makes the best of things is generally helped to be serene either by the absence of strong feeling or by the want of courage to look at the worst.

A FLAW IN THE TITLE.

By HOWARD GLYNDON.

I LIVED a year in a wondrous isle,
Where, ankle deep 'mid the blossoms rare,
The sweet-eyed maidens, singing, stand,
Combing their blue-black hair.

One lovely year in a lovely land,
A year-long vision of sun and sea,
Of song and of scent and of glancing wing—
All things that heavenliest be!

"And what didst thou bring away with thee?
A gem, or a flower, or a shining plume,
To mind thee of all that was left behind,
And to brighten this northern gloom?"

Nothing! I left them all untouched,
Unplucked, in the realm of Sun and Song;
For I said, as we stood away from the shore,
"I shall come again ere long!"

But I never have sailed to it again:
Strong are the bonds that hold me back;
And never again my eyes shall see
That loveliest land—alack!

Oh, for one of its trampled flowers!
Oh, for the roughest shell from its shore!
For the meanest thing from that far-off isle,
Where I lived and loved of yore!

I was so sure that it all was mine
That I dared to leave it a little space—
So proudly sure, that I left that isle
With a glad and a tearless face.

Heart! when the title to all was ours,
What was a gem or a flower to us?
And so we wander about to-night,
Naked and hungry, thus!

Nothing we saved to fetch away
From that country whose title is Heart's Delight:
How can we prove we were ever there?—
We two are so poor to-night!

We've not a leaf, nor a shell, nor a stone
To keep as a token of clasp and kiss:
Who would believe we were once so rich,
Who have fallen so low as this?

But a king is a king without his crown;
And we know by this pain that is bitter-sweet
We are ousted heirs of that lovely land,
Forbidden unto our feet.

(Continued from No. 891, page 91.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON),

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK TWELFTH.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN, a little before noon, Gustave was admitted by the servant into Isaura's *salon*, its desolate condition, stripped of all its pretty feminine elegancies, struck him with a sense of discomfort to himself which superseded any more remorseful sentiment. The day was intensely cold; the single log on the hearth did not burn; there were only two or three chairs in the room; even the carpet, which had been of gayly colored Aubusson, was gone. His teeth chattered, and he only replied by a dreary nod to the servant, who informed him that Madame Venosta was gone out, and mademoiselle had not yet quitted her own room.

If there be a thing which a true Parisian of Rameau's stamp associates with love of woman, it is a certain sort of elegant surroundings—a pretty *boudoir*, a cheery hearth, an easy *fauteuil*. In the absence of such attributes, "*fugit retro Venus*." If the Englishman invented the word comfort, it is the Parisian who most thoroughly comprehends the thing: and he resents the loss of it in any house where he has been accustomed to look for it as a personal wrong to his feelings.

Left for some minutes alone, Gustave occupied himself with kindling the log, and muttering, "*Par tous les diables, quel chien de rhume je vais attraper!*" He turned as he heard the rustle of a robe and a light slow step. Isaura stood before him. Her aspect startled him. He had come prepared to expect grave displeasure and a frigid reception. But the expression of Isaura's face was more kindly, more gentle, more tender, than he had seen it since the day she had accepted his suit.

Knowing from his mother what his father had said to his prejudice, he thought within himself, "After all, the poor girl loves me better than I thought. She is sensible and enlightened; she can not pretend to dictate an opinion to a man like me."

He approached with a complacent, self-assured mien, and took her hand, which she yielded to him quietly, leading her to one of the few remaining chairs, and seating himself beside her.

"Dear Isaura," he said, talking rapidly all the while he performed this ceremony, "I need not assure you of my utter ignorance of the state to which the imbecility of our government, and the cowardice, or rather the treachery, of our generals, has reduced you. I only heard of it late last night from my mother. I hasten to claim my right to share with you the humble resources which I have saved by the intellectual labors that have absorbed all such moments as my military drudgeries left to the talents which, even at such a moment, paralyzing minds less energetic, have sustained me." And therewith he poured several pieces of gold and silver on the table beside her chair.

"Gustave," then said Isaura, "I am well pleased that you thus prove that I was not mistaken when I thought and said that, despite all appearances, all errors, your heart was good. Oh, do but follow its true impulses, and—"

"Its impulses lead me ever to thy feet," interrupted Gustave, with a fervor which sounded somewhat theatrical and hollow.

The girl smiled, not bitterly, not mockingly; but Gustave did not like the smile.

"Poor Gustave," she said, with a melancholy pathos in her soft voice, "do you not understand that the time has come when such commonplace compliments ill suit our altered positions to each other? Nay, listen to me patiently; and let not my words in this last interview pain you to recall. If either of us be to blame in the engagement hastily contracted, it is I. Gustave, when you, exaggerating in your imagination the nature of your sentiments for me, said with such earnestness that on my consent to our union depended your health, your life, your career; that if I withheld that consent you were lost, and in despair would seek distraction from thought in all from which your friends, your mother, the duties imposed upon Genius for the good of Man to the ends of God, should withhold and save you—when you said all this, and I believed it, I felt as if Heaven commanded me not to desert the soul which appealed to me in the crisis of its struggle and peril. Gustave, I repent; I was to blame."

"How to blame?"

"I overrated my power over your heart: I overrated still more, perhaps, my power over my own."

"Ah, your own! I understand now. You did not love me?"

"I never said that I loved you in the sense in which you use the word. I told you that the love which you have described in your verse, and which," she added, falteringly, with heightened color and with hands tightly clasped, "I have conceived possible in my dreams, it was not mine to give. You declared you were satisfied with such affection as I could bestow. Hush! let me go on. You said that affection would increase, would become love, in proportion as I knew you more. It has not done so. Nay, it passed away, even before, in this time of trial and grief, I became aware how different from the love you professed was the neglect which needs no excuse, for it did not pain me."

"You are cruel indeed, mademoiselle."

"No, indeed, I am kind. I wish you to feel no pang at our parting. Truly I had resolved, when the siege terminated, and the time to speak frankly of our engagement came, to tell you that I shrank from the thought of a union between us; and that it was for the happiness of both that our promises should be mutually canceled. The moment has come sooner than I thought. Even had I loved you, Gustave, as deeply as—as well as the beings of Romance love, I would not dare to wed one who calls upon mortals to deny God, demolish His altars, treat His worship as a crime. No; I would sooner die of a broken heart that I might the sooner be one of those souls privileged to pray the Divine Intercessor for merciful light on those beloved and left dark on earth."

"Isaura!" exclaimed Gustave, his mobile temperament impressed, not by the words of Isaura, but by the passionate earnestness with which they were uttered, and by the exquisite spiritual beauty which her face took from the combined sweetness and fervor of its devout expression—"Isaura, I merit your censure, your sentence of condemnation; but do not ask me to give back your plighted troth. I have not the strength to do so. More than ever, more than when first pledged to me, I need the aid, the companionship of my guardian angel. You were that to me once; abandon me not now. In these terrible times of revolution excitable natures catch madness from each other. A writer in the heat of his passion says much that he does not mean to be literally taken, which in cooler moments he repents and retracts. Consider, too, the pressure of want, of hunger. It is the opinions that you so condemn which alone at this moment supply bread to the writer. But say you will yet pardon me—yet give me trial if I offend no more—if I withdraw my aid to any attacks on your views, your religion—if I say, 'Thy God shall be my God, and thy people shall be my people.'"

"Alas!" said Isaura, softly, "ask thyself if those be words which I can believe again. Hush!" she continued, checking his answer, with a more kindling countenance and more impassioned voice. "Are they, after all, the words that man should address to woman? Is it on